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The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

FORMERLY THE ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

***J.D. Lofton*: Leonid, We Hardly Knew Ye**

***Stephen Miller*: India and Western Minds**

***William H. Nolte*: Mencken Embalmed**

***Paul Seabury*: Clausewitz and Nuclear War**

***Naomi Decter*: A Treatise on Women's Magazines**

***Charles Horner*: Antarctica for the Arabs**

Vol. 11, No. 9 / August/September 1978 / One Dollar

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• As a longtime admirer of man's ability to believe any preposterosity that soothes him, I take especial pleasure in recording the July 1 death of Major Claude Robert Eatherly, United States Army Air Corps, discharged.

• Eatherly was that larcenous dissipater who claimed that, as a highly decorated World War II pilot, he had bombed Hiroshima, only to be hounded by his conscience into a postwar life of self-destructive petty crime and shiftlessness. The liberal brethren snapped up his pregnant tale and transformed it into a frightening parable, supposedly proving the cogency of one or another of their hysterical and mysterious fears. All over the world they fêted him with awards like the 1962 Hiroshima Award "for outstanding contributions to world peace." Eatherly, heretofore a man of only the most modest cons, was stunned by his good fortune. Yet he soon fell in with the hoax, and in time became a creditable pontificator—bear in mind that he never had the educational benefits of a George McGovern or a Dick Cavett.

• Eatherly's fame was a constant threat to the counterfeit war stories he had dreamt up, and he was always having to scale them down much as our Jimmy has perforce quietly discarded so many of his own autobiographical extravagances: his close friendship with Admiral Hyman Rickover, his years as an atomic scientist. Eatherly was uniquely undecorated. He never won the Distinguished Flying Cross as claimed, never commanded the Hiroshima bombing mission, and never harmed the hair of a Japanese citizen. In fact it was subsequently divulged that Eatherly went through the entire war without having ever fired a hostile shot. Moreover, he had competed furiously, if unsuccessfully, for the honor of dropping atomic bombs at the first Bikini tests. During the Hiroshima bombing he never even saw a mushroom cloud; all he did was fly a navigation plane over the city and from thirty thousand feet report weather conditions. If he was responsible for the incineration of that fated city, so was every mechanic who ever rubbed grease into the real bomber's landing gear; so were Adam and Eve.

• All this notwithstanding, the liberals strenuously perpetrated the Eatherly legend until it is now venerated by every schoolmarm. No child escapes our public school system without hearing it at least once. So deeply rooted is it in our folklore that when the *New York Times* reported Eatherly's funeral on July 7 our nation's newspaper of record left the legend reverently intact: "Claude Robert Eatherly, who as a young Army Air Corps pilot, picked a hole through the clouds over Japan on the morning of August 6, 1945 and radioed the B-29 to drop its atomic bomb on Hiroshima, died of cancer last Saturday in Houston....Mr. Eatherly's brother James, of Midland, Texas, told reporters: 'I can remember his waking up night after night. He said his brain was on fire. He said he could feel those people burning.' " When questioned by writer William Bradford Huie, Eatherly's estranged wife said she had never heard such nocturnal cries, nor had she ever heard the hero express any anxiety or regret over Hiroshima. They were not divorced until 1957.

• Even with his death, the Eatherly legend continues to grow and to abet our more current liberal hysterias. According to the *Times* story, one of the dead fraud's brothers "recalled that Mr. Eatherly had flown a plane through a mushroom cloud during nuclear tests on Bikini atoll and said that he thought the flier had suffered long-term radiation damage." Eatherly, an unshakeable hypochondriac, had plagued Veterans' Administration hospitals for 30 years with his imagined afflictions. No tests ever performed on his extensively-tested carcass ever showed any evidence of "long-term radiation damage."

• New York City's Mayor Edward Koch proclaimed the week of June 18 "Gay Pride Week," even as Mr. Muhammad Ali was ardently planting moist kisses on the cheeks of a serene and willing President Leonid Brezhnev, Supreme Commander-in-Chief, Marshal of the Soviet Union, and Chairman of the USSR Defense Council. His Excellency Andrew Young, our illustrious UN Ambassador, has declared that Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat is "the most popular man in the United States, bar none, including President Carter, unfortunately." Smokers, alcoholics, and jovial junk-food enthusiasts rocked with merriment when it was reported that the administrator of the Miami Heart Institute suffered a coronary while jogging. Spectacular evidence of the unwholesomeness of this unsightly fad continued to accumulate from all parts. In Boise, Idaho, a devoted jogger died of a heart attack apparently while burglarizing the home of a Boise coin collector. When found dead on his victim's lawn, the foiled thief was still wearing his jogging shoes. And in Washington, D.C., Mr. David K. Wilson, a 46-year-old bureaucrat from Health, Education and Welfare, keeled over while taking part in a three-mile run whose purpose was somehow to encourage "stepped-up enforcement of a law against sex discrimination." The barbarous demonstration occurred on HEW's driveway, and for nearly half an hour Wilson lay there in the shadow of the largest national health bureaucracy in the world before an ambulance was finally summoned to take him to the hospital where he was pronounced dead.

• Abott Fay, 51, a professor of Oriental philosophy at Western State College at Gunnison, Colorado, was granted a leave of absence without pay when newspaper reporters expressed interest in the "Oriental discipline program" that has been a part of his course since 1971. According to the Associated Press, Professor Fay had asked students to undress in his presence whereupon he slapped them and squeezed the privates of the young men. Mr. John P. Mellon, president of Western State College, assured uneasy parents that "there's no suggestion of sexual overtones or perversion," though Professor Fay will not be allowed to teach summer school this year. Authorities in Gary, Indiana, apparently remain helpless against a spreading reign of atrocities that has sharply affected banking practices in this booming Great Lakes metropolis. Reportedly, a tall, conservatively-dressed man, wearing a moderate afro, has on nearly a dozen occasions entered branch banks, engaged a clerk in harmless conversation, and abruptly and violently picked his nose, wiping it on the startled clerk before absconding—usually on foot. A 15-year-old Norfolk, Virginia, student, improving his mind in that community's "homeward bound" program, bit off one-third of his teacher's ear. And in London, Deputy Judge Philip Cox has granted Mrs. Walter Judge a divorce because of her husband's whistling, which he had kept up for thirty-eight years.

• In Jennings, Louisiana, a policeman's claim that he was just following orders when he shot a ferocious and unruly dog reminded Judge Walter C. Peters of the "My Lai massacre," and the historically-minded judge duly jugged the aforementioned brute for cruelty to animals. The Bonnie Baking Company has triumphed in its four-year struggle with the state of Michigan, which had proscribed the company's white bread for being one inch longer than state officials deemed either safe or prudent. And Supreme Court Justice Lewis F. Powell, who wrote the dizzy opinion in the *Bakke* decision, was saved from being acclaimed the season's judicial Malvolio when Municipal Judge Mario Gonzales of Los Angeles stepped forward and cited the 14th Amendment to the United States Constitution in his ruling that dogs need not be licensed since canaries, turtles, pigs, and chipmunks are not. —*RET*

SPECIAL EDITORIAL: The Soviets' brazen repression of political expression and their concomitant breach of the 1975 Helsinki human rights accords remind us again of their unusually mendacious and brutal nature. As this magazine goes to press, it is dramatically apparent that Soviet repression is intensifying. All the original members of the Moscow Helsinki group except Elena Bonner, Andrei Sakharov's wife, have been arrested or exiled. Trials similar in absurdity and cruelty to that of Yuri Orlov are being rushed forward in the Ukraine, Georgia, Armenia, and Lithuania. The KGB obviously plans to render Russia dissident-free by the 1980 Moscow Olympics. The Olympic Games with all the highflown ideals that supposedly abut them are being used as an occasion for stomping on freedom's stirrings in the USSR. It is an outrage even more outlandish than Hitler's 1936 farce.

Mr. Carter's response is to grandstand, disarmed and abusive. This is a dangerous course. From France, Jean-François Revel urges all members of the party of liberty to a more prudent and bracing course: Boycott the Moscow travesty. It is important that all Americans truly concerned about liberty consider this eminently reasonable campaign immediately so that the Politburo has something to think about while its thugs round up the last of the brave Soviet dissidents. I urge all readers to aid us in popularizing the slogan and the principle: "Boycott Moscow in 1980." For information on the modern publicist's tools see our classified page. —*RET*

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The American Spectator *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it* The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.* The American Spectator *is now published monthly except July and September at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.*

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SUMMER READING

Ban the Soleil

Whit Stillman

Reform has been such an important and persistent force in the course of America's first two centuries that American history is often taught as a succession of reform's significant dates: 1890—Sherman Antitrust Act; 1890—Sherman Silver Purchase Act; 1935—1935 Banking Act; 1863—National Bank Act; 1864—Sherman's March Through Georgia; 1933—Roosevelt's First Hundred Days; 1933—Roosevelt's Second Hundred Days; 1933—1933 Banking Act; 1893—Sherman Silver Purchase Act Repealed; 1891—General Sherman Dies; 1900—Senator Sherman Dies; 1901—Roosevelt's First Hundred Days; 1934—Taylor Grazing Act.

But lists of dates such as this tend to be dry and "official." They emphasize political rather than social reform, and they fail to show how one major social reform can affect many aspects of daily life—for instance, how early in this century feminism, by helping women feel free to smoke in public, led to the introduction in the 1960s of "slim" cigarettes designed especially for the burgeoning number of women smokers.

Lists of "official" dates such as this also neglect reform's personal side—the fact that what later might become a sweeping reform usually begins as one person's solitary insight, his or her perception that some state of affairs is "terribly wrong" and dream to change it. The following is the story of such a dream, treated in a contemporary way.

Preface

It is the summer of 1978. Stamps marked "A" are first-class postage. *Heaven Can Wait* is the movie; *Grease* is the word; disco and tax reduction are the fevers. Johann Sebastian Bach is the most popular composer of baroque music. Millions of Americans flock to the beaches, seashore, and ocean.

I

The distinction between "unemployment" and "very long summer vacations" often becomes blurred for college students in the period following their graduation. For even some of those with the most to offer this vacation extends through the winter months.

One Williams College graduate had spent his vacation in Manhattan up to mid-July, when he decided to spend some time by the ocean. A few days later he stepped off the ferry *Island Queen* onto the Vineyard Haven dock—like any vacationer, except for the bitterness inside.

André Burton was the son of an American banker and a French-born housewife. When he was nine they were divorced "for personal reasons." His "Maman" loved him dearly, but because of the circumstances of her second marriage she could not see him on a regular or an irregular basis. As sometimes happens, deprivation of maternal influence had made his attitude toward women excessively romantic, if that's possible. When Laura Ingalls—an attractive 17-year-old with obsessive reading habits—arrived at Williams as a freshman, he thought that "heaven must be missing an angel," as a popular song put it.

N.B. In recent weeks *The American Spectator* has mailed several hundred thousand letters soliciting new subscriptions—a major effort on our part to build the circulation and influence of this magazine. We send our invitations to persons whose names we find on subscriber lists of other publications or membership lists of organizations with interests and commitments that are congenial to our own.

Though we do our best to eliminate duplications in these mailings, some overlap is unavoidable: A few persons who already subscribe will receive one (or more) of our invitations. If this happens to you—please *don't* send it back to us with a note explaining that you already subscribe; the Postal Service charges twenty-five cents for every business reply envelope returned to us. Please *do* pass our invitation along to a friend who will be grateful to you for introducing him to *The American Spectator*.

Heaven, Vineyard Heaven: The clergymen of Vineyard Haven tell their summer congregations funny stories about receiving mail misaddressed that way. For social and political reasons André didn't particularly admire summer resorts. On Martha's Vineyard's northeastern shore three towns form a resort crown. Oak Bluffs, the middle jewel, is a black community with picturesque "gingerbread" houses. About it André had nothing particularly critical to say. Vineyard Haven was a typical upper-middle-class white resort town, which also functioned as a market and transportation center.

About Edgartown, the island's Old Town, known for its pretty streets, whaling history, and houses dating from the Revolution—*and for its wealthy summer population*—André felt much less sympathetic. Yet it was the romantic aura surrounding Edgartown because of Laura's presence which had brought him to the island.

To André, summer resorts showed the class basis of American society in its extremest form. Everyone who visits a resort becomes a participant in its class function. He did not except himself from this rule, although in fact his situation was utterly different from that of the Edgartown people.

First, he had almost no money; on most mornings hardly a dollar to last him until Parke Wilder, a classmate working on the *Vineyard Gazette*, could cash one of his checks, which were likely to bounce at any moment. Second, he did not see himself as a standard Edgartowner. He had bought a paperback copy of George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London* and had become completely absorbed in it, finding that he could identify much more closely with Orwell's *plongeurs*—the underpaid and overworked dishwashers and kitchen servants in Parisian hotels—than with his smug, tennis-playing Edgartown contemporaries. Another reason why he felt he did not fit into the Edgartown class role was that he was not actually living there, but in a rooming house between Oak Bluffs and Vineyard Haven.

His first morning on the Island he sought to buy some suntan lotion in an Edgartown shop, simply to protect his skin from the sun, but discovered he could not afford any. Later at South Beach he found himself sitting near a group of 15-year-old girls whose skin was so thickly oiled that it glinted in the sun. Twenty-two is not "old," but André felt that a gulf of experience separated him from them. They were enjoying their summer vacations, marking time during the years before college; he was through with college and, although reluctant to admit it to himself, at loose ends in the adult world.

From reading Orwell he could see a parallel between his situation and that of the veterans who returned from World War I to a society that did not have room for them. Later they were swept up in the twenties boom in time for the Crash; the Slump followed, then the period of the "Phoney War," after which the whole world seemed to take "time-out" to beat Hitler. Next came the age of affluence with its terrible erosion of values and family life. The vista which he sensed stretching

(*continued on page 37*)

Whit Stillman is publisher of The American Spectator. *Next month R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., returns to weigh the achievement of Kissinger.*

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Stephen Miller

Passages to India: Hindu Culture and Western Minds

The Western reformer's distaste for tradition and love of efficiency would destroy India's democratic culture.

During the past four years, one of the more fashionable pastimes of America's elites has been to make a trip to China. Politicians, educators, scholars, government officials, doctors: All want to see how the Chinese "experiment" works, how China is coping with agriculture, transportation, health care, industrialization, education. And the Chinese government obligingly provides them with guided tours for their edification and illumination. There is no similar rush, however, to see the Indian "experiment"—the experiment, that is, in democracy, for India has been democratic about as long as China has been totalitarian. Perhaps Americans flock to China because they like package tours, whereas in India they are allowed to fend for themselves, roaming where they see fit. But a deeper reason, I suspect, obtains: India is not worthy of contemplation or inspection because it conjures up visions of beggars sleeping on the streets of Calcutta. In the minds of many Westerners, these two Asian giants assume quasi-allegorical meanings: China stands for an ordered future, India for a disordered past.

Even Indianophiles accept such a notion of India. For them, though, the disorder of traditional India contains a higher kind of order, one that is an antidote to the this-worldly order of China and the West. They book passage to India in order to find or renew their spiritual selves, cleansing themselves of the so-called materialism of the West. India, for them, is a sacred mystery, whereas for most Westerners it is a hopeless muddle. Mystery or muddle—to use two words that reverberate throughout E.M. Forster's *A Passage to India*—India is summed up as a strange land whose teeming millions practice a way of life that is thick with distinctly non-Western traditions, summed up in peculiarly static ways that do little justice to its complexity and dynamics. Even those who acknowledge and celebrate the complexity of India often make a mystique of that complexity. "How can the mind take hold of such a country?" Forster asks, implying that India is beyond understanding.

One way of beginning to understand India is to recognize its diversity. With its 14 major languages, 875 dialects, and 22 federated states, India is a state pulled into being by the English, who united the subcontinent by crisscrossing it with railroads and imposing on it both standardized administrative procedures and the English language, which remains the language of national administration although fewer than 3 percent of the population can understand it. To gauge the difficulty of making sense of such a diverse country, one need only look at the introduction to a recent anthology, *New Writing in India*, in which the author admits that he knows only three Indian languages, and does not even know these very well. It is as if an Englishman with a smattering of French, Spanish, and German were responsible for putting together an anthology entitled *New Writing in Western Europe*. India is, in fact, like a federated Western Europe—a state composed of many different nations, from the Bengalis of the Northeast to the Tamils of the South, each with its distinctive cultural and literary traditions. Fewer than 7 percent of the population knows an Indian language other than its native tongue. And the range of India's eating habits is, according to a *New York Times* report, "as wide as the difference between a Norwegian breakfast and a Greek dessert."

The usual way of understanding India, however, is not by describing its regional differences but by speaking of two Indias: traditional and modern. Traditional India flourishes in the country's 500,000 villages, where 72 percent of the population works the land in ways that have remained the same for generations. By contrast, modern India, which finds its home in the cities, is technologically sophisticated—essentially self-sufficient in a broad range of manufactured goods, from trucks to hi-fis; it is the India of steel mills, nuclear reactors, and a growing electronics industry. Yet India cannot be divided so easily along rural and urban lines, for India's agriculture has been affected by modernization, and the country's food output has increased by 50 percent in the last ten years. There are now enough food reserves to withstand several bad harvests.

But the weakness of most explanations of India stems more from the explanatory terms themselves than from the way they are applied. Eric Stokes, the English historian, has said that when Western intellectuals write about India they "unwittingly generate mystification and nonsense by allowing fixed, abstract models to be projected into the popular consciousness, while failing to observe the extreme mobility and ready intermixing of different states of mind within and between whole cultures or single individuals." All too often "tradition" and "modernity" are invoked as mutually exclusive terms; either one is imprisoned in tradition or one escapes from its confinement. There are no halfway houses. According to this line of reasoning, tradition determines conduct in rigid ways, and its encompassing nature precludes significant change without a radical break with the past. Thus tradition can never accommodate itself to modernity; and the more traditional one is, the less chance one has of successfully adapting to the demands of the modern world. In this view tradition becomes a mystical force—hypostatized into an all-powerful entity, a savage god that continually "wounds" an entire civilization.

Such is the lugubrious cultural determinism that informs V.S. Naipaul's *India: A Wounded Civilization*. In this book, a record of impressions gleaned from a recent trip to India,

Stephen Miller will become a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute in September.

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Naipaul sees Indian life through the lens of some time-worn generalizations about Indian civilization. We learn, for example, that India "taught the vanity of all action," and that the various doctrines of Hinduism, especially the notion of *karma*, have had a crippling effect on Indian life because they discourage all attempts at self-betterment. According to Naipaul, Hinduism means passivity and anti-intellectualism; it is a world view that celebrates resignation: One accepts one's fate as just within a cosmic scheme, hoping that in the next reincarnation things will be better.

Naipaul continually applies his generalizations to the particularities of Indian life. Yet this way of reading a civilization is very misleading, for it implies that Hindu notions determine Indian conduct in clear-cut, definable ways. The relation of tradition to everyday life may be clearer in India than it is in the West, but it is not so clear that one can say, as Naipaul does, that in traditional India the simplest ideas of human possibility are extinct. In any case, all the world's major religions have a strong element of fatality and resignation in their doctrine, so any study of India's supposedly acute sense of resignation and its damaging effect upon Indian life needs to be cross-cultural in order to be convincing. Yet Naipaul is so preoccupied with India's "wounds" that he never considers the relation between tradition and modernity in other non-Western civilizations. All he knows is that in India "the past has to be seen to be dead; or the past will kill."

According to Naipaul, some Indians do manage to break with the past, rejecting the siren song of Hindu resignation. Describing a small community in the environs of Bombay, he says: "For the Sena men...the world was new; they saw themselves at the beginning of things: unaccommodated men making a claim on their land for the first time, and out of chaos evolving their own philosophy of community and self-help. For them the past was dead; they had left it behind in the villages." But exactly what, we want to know, did they leave behind? They left their villages, but did they leave their traditions behind—all of them? We have no corroborating words from the men themselves. The passage rings false, especially the word "unaccommodated," which recalls King Lear's speech in the storm. Lear was unaccommodated; he had lost everything: family, role, possessions. But "unaccommodated" does not adequately describe these industrious ex-villagers who are making a modest attempt to better themselves in difficult circumstances. These people are not so much observed by Naipaul as made to serve as figures in his melodramatic allegory about the Indian past and present.

The upshot of Naipaul's cultural determinism is a sense of gloom about India that is not justified; for it is obvious that Naipaul thinks very few Indians will have the strength to slay the past. By posing the question in this way, Naipaul has made the Indian "problem" intractable. Yet the problem dissolves once we realize that there is no such thing as *the* Indian past. Indian tradition is like the Bible; we can take from it as many meanings as we like. Far from being suffocating, the Indian past is rich in possibility, since Hinduism, as many writers have pointed out, is the world's most eclectic religion. "To be a Hindu," Ved Mehta has said, "one does not have to practice any particular set of observances, adhere to any particular beliefs, accept any particular metaphysics or any particular prophet, believe in any particular god, or, indeed, in any god....All gradations of beliefs, from the crudest to the most highly refined, have coexisted in Hinduism from the earliest times, making it the most syncretic religion in the world...." One can be a practicing Hindu and be a capitalist entrepreneur or a holy guru; one can be just about anything. There are many rooms in the mansion of Indian tradition, a tradition that is Moslem as well as Hindu, for India has the fourth largest Moslem population in the world.

Despite his remarks about India's wounded civilization, Naipaul at times seems to be quarreling less with Indian tradition in general than with certain aspects of contemporary Hinduism—especially the version of Hinduism espoused by some of Gandhi's disciples, which Naipaul dismisses as "religious self-display, a juggling with nothing, a liberation from constructive thought and political burdens." Naipaul may be right to criticize what he calls the self-satisfaction of Gandhiism, with its "meaningless exhortations to return to the true religion," but he is wrong to assume that this version of the Indian tradition is *the* Indian tradition. It is as if someone had contended that the anti-intellectual moralizing of a particular fundamentalist sect in the West revealed the wounded nature of Judeo-Christian civilization. Naipaul has confounded his distaste for one version of the Indian past with a distaste for the whole of Indian civilization.

Naipaul, of course, disagrees with those Westerners who hold up India as a model of spirituality, anti-materialism, and self-discipline in contrast to the worldliness, acquisitiveness, and self-indulgence of the West. American writers have been especially susceptible to India worship, from Thoreau and Emerson to Eliot and Ginsberg. Eliot ends "The Waste Land" with "Shantih shantih shantih," implying that only Hindu prayer can help Western civilization renew itself. Scorning those who bow down to spiritual India, Naipaul accuses them of sinking into "the stupor of meditation." The trouble is: Naipaul accepts their version of India as the real India. Although he and Ginsberg disagree on the value of meditation, they both think that India is defined by such spirituality. Naipaul's view of India is as one-dimensional as Ginsberg's.

To do Naipaul justice, the views he espouses are distinctive and refreshing. Unlike Ginsberg and most literary intellectuals, Naipaul appreciates the entrepreneurial spirit, a trait he thinks Indians must acquire if the country is ever going to allay the poverty of its masses. And he does not subscribe to cant—common among literary intellectuals—about the evils of technology and industrialization. Yet his prescription for India suffers from a view of cultural change that resembles nothing so much as the clichés of old movie travelogues, in which the narrator harped on the way the old and the new stood side by side. Rich in cloying good cheer, the language of such travelogues was glib and condescending in its assumption of a harmonious relationship between the two different worlds of the past and the present. But such mindless optimism is less insidious than the simplistic pessimism of those who see the past as the enemy of the present. Thus Michael Harrington, like Naipaul, insists in a recent book that "many of the truly holy and profound institutions of India should be, and must be, smashed. Nonviolently, persuasively, rationally smashed; but smashed." Harrington, like Naipaul, forgets that civilizations lose touch with their past either because they are demoralized, having been brutally conquered, or because they are forced to do so by a totalitarian regime. Yet the new order never abolishes the past; it merely manufactures its own crude and distorted version of the past. Perhaps writers can make it new, as Ezra Pound said, but countries attempt to do so at their peril.

II

There is nothing new about wanting to smash the past. Naipaul's and Harrington's prescriptions, in fact, have about them the musty odor of age, recalling those of Jeremy Bentham and James Mill, who also despised Hinduism. "We have seen," Mill said in his *History of India*, "that by a system of priestcraft built upon the most enormous and tormenting superstition that ever harassed and degraded any portion of mankind, their [the Indians'] minds were enchained more intolerably than their bodies...." Bentham and Mill took a radical approach to the question of how to administer India, a question that was on the minds of many English intellectuals during the nineteenth century, when England consolidated its position on the subcontinent. Both were confident that what Bentham called his "science of legislation," with its "universal, immutable laws as valid as those of the physical sciences," would remove India from the throes of irrational custom. And they were certain, moreover, that whatever laws they devised would be in the best interest of the Indian people. After all, were they not "versed in the universal principle of legislation and free from local prejudice and interest"? So Bentham argued, justifying his utilitarian approach to English policy in India.

If some Englishmen thought Mill and Bentham went too fa

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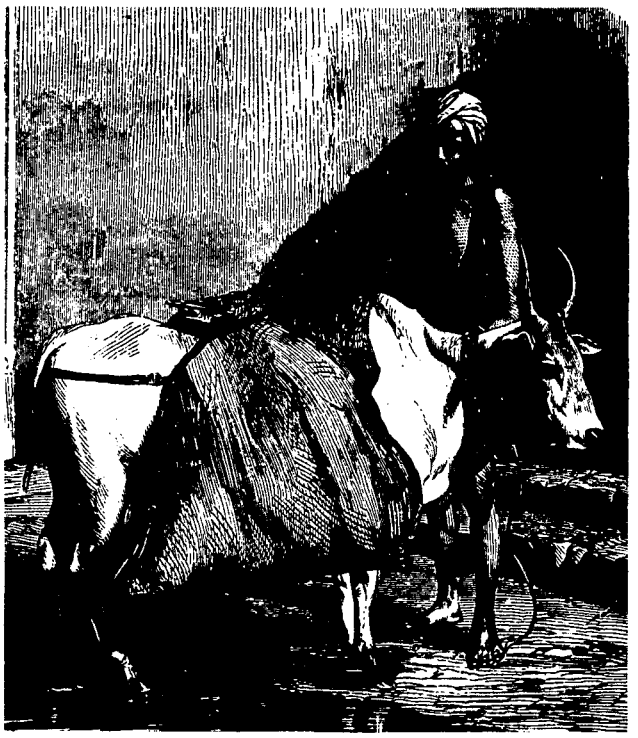
fearing that Indian society would be disrupted and demoralized if the English intervened in all areas of Indian life, most Englishmen still believed that only they could deliberate about what was best for India. As J. Fitzjames Stephen said, it was England's task to introduce "the essential parts of European civilization into a country densely peopled, grossly ignorant, unenergetic, fatalistic, indifferent to most of what we regard as the evils of life, and preferring the repose of submitting to them to the trouble of encountering and trying to remove them." Since Indian culture was so benighted, it was inappropriate to ask Indians if they agreed with the "reforms" to be inflicted upon them. Indians were too far gone down the road of Hindu superstition to know what was good for them.

Before condemning as colossal humbug the complacent ethnocentricity of England's "civilizing mission" in India, we should keep in mind that the very highmindedness of the English prevented them, in general, from treating Indians in the way the Belgians treated the Congolese. Indians were, in the main, to be educated, not exploited. Moreover, even the most die-hard defenders of the worth and distinctiveness of Indian traditions would have a hard time disagreeing with the English abolition, in 1829, of *suttee*, the custom that required Hindu widows to cremate themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres. In any case, English reforms were not universally disliked by Indians. The rising educated classes approved of them because they reduced the power of nobles and priests.



Yet, as with many attempts to do good, English reform of Indian tradition had its unintended bad effects. Summing up the English policy of changing Indian rural society from one where patrimonial relations of status obtained to one where impersonal contracts held sway, Eric Stokes says: "The celerity with which landed property could be transferred, the certainty surrounding its tenure, the facilities for mortgage, all supported and executed by the courts, were undoubtedly instrumental in the rapid development of peasant indebtedness and the transfer of property titles to the money-lending classes." The British government, Lord Curzon said, stood for the interests of "the Indian poor, the Indian peasant, the patient, humble, silent millions," but the British government's policy tended to chain the peasant to the land, a fate that many Indian peasants still endure, for peasant indebtedness is a major problem in India today. Born into debt, many peasants die bequeathing that debt to their children.

Not realizing that the principles of classical political economy were not perfectly applicable to India's peasant society, the philosophic reformers rushed headlong into reform. Towards the end of the century, however, they met with strong resistance from some English intellectuals who were troubled by the attempt to export English law and custom to India. Henry Maine argued that such reforms could only be effective if they were rooted in the soil of a civilization's distinctive history and institutions. Applied heavy-handedly, without paying attention to the unique cultural landscape of India, the reforms would either not take hold or would take hold in disastrous ways, acting as a dissolving force. Pressing English reforms upon India, Sir Alfred Lyall warned, would promote rapid disintegration, "breaking down all local forms of independent political life, draining all authority to a common center, and pounding down the multifarious races and institutions into one uniform and atomized mass." Forced to tear himself free from Hindu traditions, the Indian would lose his bearings.

Maine and Lyall were also troubled by the reformers' militant sense of superiority—their assumption that Indians were children who required the stern but fair guardianship of the English. Indians, the reformers assumed, could only begin to govern themselves after they reached the level of enlightenment already attained by the English. Just when they would attain that level, however, was a question that troubled only a handful of English intellectuals. Even John Stuart Mill, the strenuous defender of liberty, said that there was no practical alternative to ruling India other than a pure and enlightened despotism. Like the other philosophic reformers, Mill thought enlightened despotism the most expeditious way of civilizing India and aiding its impoverished masses. "Efficiency," Lord Curzon proclaimed, "has been our gospel, the keynote of our administration." Most Englishmen thought that English efficiency could put the Indian house in order, bringing the greatest happiness to the greatest number of Indians.

Although the reformers were not racists in the maleficent post-Nazi sense of the term, they definitely held Indians in low esteem. However, it was Hinduism and not the Indian's innate character that was the culprit—the reason why, according to James Mill, Indians were insincere, unfeeling, dissembling, treacherous, mendacious, cowardly, conceited, and unclean. But one could easily turn Mill's explanation around and say that the Indian's cluster of nasty characteristics "explained" his predilection for Hinduism. For why, among all the peoples of the world, were only Indians Hindus? And why did they cling so tenaciously to their tradition, rejecting the Western traditions the English were so eager to offer them? Mill and Bentham, as well as Naipaul and Harrington, bristle with impatience and exasperation when they write about India. Won't these people ever learn, they seem to say, implying at the same time that they cannot learn. Sounding very much like Mill and Bentham, Naipaul quotes with approval a New Delhi psychotherapist who speaks of the Indian's "underdeveloped" ego and of the Indian's "childlike perception of reality." Naipaul, like Mill and Bentham, blames Hinduism, but most Indians persist in remaining Hindu. What begins as rationalist dissection ends as quasi-biological mystique.

The rationalist enthusiasms of the reformers often turned sour because the reformers did not acknowledge the hegemony of culture—did not even accept the very fact of culture. According to Mill and Bentham, culture was like a clumsy mode of dress, one that hampered movement and prevented progress. Once people saw how foolish their mode of dress was, they would exchange it for something more sensible. And the task of educating Indians to see the foolishness of their traditions was quite simple, given the fact that human nature was basically "[illegible]," Mill said, "as the road from Charing Cross to St. Paul's." The reformers alternated between an excessive faith that it would be easy to eradicate the blight of Hinduism, given the basic uniformity of human nature, and an excessive despair that such efforts would come to naught, given the perverseness of the Indian character. One thing, though, was continually clear to the reformers: Change could only happen outside tradition, for irrational custom stood in the way of rational change. One could move into the future only by breaking decisively with the past.

The reformers' faith in an unanchored, ahistorical rationality was one with the faith of the French *philosophes*, who invoked the light of reason to dispel the darkness of tradition, hoping thereby

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that unaccommodated man—to use Naipaul's word—would be able to take control of his life rather than remain a slave to custom. But unaccommodated man, as King Lear himself said, is only "a poor, bare, forked animal," nothing more than a beast. In *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Edmund Burke had *King Lear* in mind when he railed against the French revolutionaries for trying to smash the past. By abolishing traditions, Burke said, the revolutionaries were rudely tearing off "the decent drapery of life," leaving only our "naked, shivering nature," leaving the French people not only unconnected with the past but unconnected with anything. Such actions, Burke implied, were not only shameful, they were also doomed to fail because the collapse of tradition would not result in a new order based on reason but in a vast disorder, one where wild men acted unpredictably. Indeed, as Clifford Geertz, the contemporary anthropologist, has said: "Undirected by culture patterns—by organized systems of significant symbols—man's behavior would be virtually ungovernable, a mere chaos of pointless acts and exploding emotions, his experience virtually shapeless." Even those intent on destroying traditions eventually come to realize that new traditions must be put in their place. Thus Robespierre tried to keep the Revolution under control by creating a neo-Roman tradition of civil religion. But traditions cannot be created by fiat—unless, that is, they are enforced by the terror of a totalitarian state.

Unaccommodated man is an *ignis fatuus*, a figment of the rationalist's overheated imagination. Culture, as Geertz says, "is not just an ornament of human existence...but an essential condition for it." That said, we must be careful not to let cultural determinism slip in through the back door, taking a rigid view both of what accommodation signifies and what it means to be "directed" by cultural patterns. If India has suffered from the impatient schemes of reformers, it has also—though to a lesser degree—suffered from the frozen visions of anthropologists, who often are on the alert only for cultural continuities and pay insufficient attention to the dynamics of change within tradition. Thus Louis Dumont, in an influential work of structural anthropology entitled *Homo Hierarchicus*, argues that the overall framework of Indian society has not changed. India, Dumont says, is still totally informed by Hinduism, still a society where the castes are present and untouchability effective, although untouchability has been declared illegal. Although Dumont, unlike Naipaul and Harrington, is a sympathetic observer of Indian culture, he too sees India as a society locked into its traditions, one in which *Homo hierarchicus* still remains the governing notion.

Disproving the widely-held notion that modernization inevitably leads to the disintegration of traditional values, Dumont says that in India "there has been change *in* the society and not change *of* the society" [emphasis Dumont's], the point being that traditional values still guide the conduct of Indians. Dumont's observation is probably accurate, but it obscures a far more interesting point—namely, that extensive modernization has taken place within the confines of tradition. Indian traditions are not only extremely tenacious, they are also extremely flexible. Far from being at war with modernization, traditions in India legitimize change. According to Milton Singer, Indians "look on modernization as a cultural process of 'traditionalization,' in which the new is turned into something old, and not as a cultural process that makes something new out of that which is old."

In his seminal essay, "Beyond Tradition and Modernity in Madras," Singer points out that Indian traditionalists continually "find evidence in the Vedas and other scriptures for the airplane or nuclear fission or fusion." By finding a sacred text to "support" such modern developments, what is new in India is given a local habitation and name within the structure of Indian tradition. "In this way," Singer says, "its present acceptance into the society is culturally validated." Singer's essay explodes the simplistic and antithetical notions of tradition and modernity that we find in the writings of Mill, Bentham, Naipaul, Harrington, and countless others. "Traditional India," Singer says, "is not a monolithic and immovable accumulation of immemorial customs and beliefs blocking the road to progress. India's traditionalism is rather a built-in adaptive mechanism for making changes."

Having absorbed innumerable elements from the many foreign cultures that have occupied India over the centuries, Indian tradition has managed to accommodate itself to significant change while still maintaining a recognizable continuity. Since there is no official definition and interpretation of Hindu tradition, there is room for interpreters to look for ways of adapting Indian traditions to changing needs and circumstances. Foreign elements are continually being integrated into the culture—legitimized by being turned into something old. Contemplating this continuous process, one thinks of the spreading laurel tree in Yeats' "A Prayer for My Daughter":

> How but in custom and in ceremony
> Are innocence and beauty born?
> Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,
> And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

Like Yeats' laurel tree, Indian tradition is a living structure, rooting deep into the past while reaching out into the present.

The laurel tree, however, is an imperfect metaphor, for it makes the process of change in India seem all too benign and free from conflict. Organic change does not mean that change happens naturally, effortlessly. Some traditionalists will resist all change; and there will always be conflicting interpretations of the ways in which certain aspects of modernity "fit" into the tradition. Modernization, moreover, brings with it a self-consciousness about tradition, so that more often than not the contemporary Indian chooses to what extent and in what ways he will be directed by tradition. This self-consciousness may lead to increased conflict about how, in Singer's words, "to continue converting the events of history into assimilable cultural traditions."

Recognizing the hegemony of tradition does not mean that tradition—like a complacent, all-knowing guru—has ready answers to all the questions modernization raises. Nor does it mean that tradition should be venerated. Yeats notwithstanding, some customs and ceremonies do not give birth to innocence and beauty: *suttee*, for example, and the practice—common until fairly recently in South India—whereby untouchables had to wear bells, like cattle, to warn high-caste Hindus of their approach. Recognizing the hegemony of tradition merely means acknowledging that Indian tradition is a capacious mansion under whose roof most debates about change in India are likely to take place—unless, that is, the mansion is smashed by those who prefer the supposed efficiency of a Leninist or Stalinist model of change.

III

Speculations about tradition and modernity in India take on a certain edge when they are brought to bear upon India's democratic experiment, an experiment that was interrupted a few years ago by Indira Gandhi's proclamation of emergency rule. Although many intellectuals, both Indian and Western, strongly protested against the Emergency, many also resigned themselves to it by arguing that, as Naipaul himself said, "the freedoms that came to independent India...were alien freedoms." Or, as Stanley Wolpert said in *A New History of India*: "Parliamentary government, democratic elections, freedom of speech and of the press, and the rule of law were all part of the gloss of Western modernization introduced in the last phase of British rule to a civilization that found them strangely exotic and foreign...." In short, democracy was not an Indian tradition, and there was only the slightest chance that it could flourish in India.

According to these voices of resignation, mixing Indian and Western traditions is like mixing oil and water. India, these writers argue, is a land famous for its oriental despotism—a land, as Wolpert says, whose "patient, tolerant, long-suffering populace has been inured by millennia of cultural continuity to accept authority as part of the divine order (*dharma*), which was law and religion combined." But traditions, as we have seen, work—or, rather, change—in mysterious and devious ways. Mahatma Gandhi, whose version of Hindu tradition Naipaul finds distasteful (as do many Indians), was perhaps more influenced by the ideas he

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found in Thoreau, Emerson, Tolstoy, and Ruskin than by anything he found in Indian culture. During the past 150 years, Western ideas and traditions have continually played an important part in the debate about political change in India. When Dilip Hiro, in *Inside India Today*, criticizes the books he has read on India because none, he says, was "highly critical of the present socio-political system; and none recommended anything more revolutionary than a few reforms *within* [emphasis Hiro's] the existing political-administrative framework," he is arguing in favor of one Western tradition—the Marxian socialist one—and rejecting another, the liberal democratic one. India's traditions are tenacious, but they are not hidebound—not impervious to foreign influences.

Stressing the uniqueness of India's traditions, cultural determinists often imply the more an Indian is rooted in Hindu tradition, the more likely he is to accept forms of authority that are not legitimized by democratic means. If this were the case, then Moraji Desai, the current Prime Minister, would hanker to be an oriental despot, for he is very much an "Indian" Indian, having made his first trip abroad at the age of sixty-two. A devout Hindu, he avoids modern medicines and has never taken an injection. He wakes up at four in the morning and for three hours says his prayers, does his yoga exercises, and makes his ablutions. And because drinking liquor, he says, is against Hindu tradition, he has made the banning of alcoholic beverages a principal goal of his government. Withal Desai is committed to democracy. As he said to a *New York Times* reporter: "I do not mind if my Government goes out of office because of prohibition." Indira Gandhi, on the other hand, is most definitely a Westernized Indian, yet she was responsible for the Emergency.

Arguing that the Emergency would, among other things, make India more efficient, Indira Gandhi seemed to be borrowing a line from Lord Curzon—another "enlightened" despot. Despotism is as much a Western tradition as an Eastern one; and totalitarianism, which makes oriental despotism pale by comparison, is surely a Western invention. If India, the United States, and Japan are the three most populous democracies in the world, then we cannot say that democracy is still only a Western tradition. By now democracy has been absorbed by Indian tradition, so that it is no longer regarded as something exotic and foreign. The extent of its acceptance can be gauged by the remarks of an Indian peasant who, I imagine, has never left India and is not in the least bit Westernized. As he said: "Just because a man is poor and maybe cannot read does not mean that he cares nothing about his human rights. The Congress government has tried to shut my mouth and therefore the Congress loses my vote." So much for being inured by millennia of cultural continuity. Commenting on Indira Gandhi's electoral defeat, Ved Mehta says: "Mrs. Gandhi was a casualty of India's thirty-year-old *tradition* [emphasis mine] of elections by secret ballot."

Indian traditions, in fact, are in some ways very favorable to democracy. In *The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India*, Lloyd and Susanne Rudolph argue that India's caste system has contributed more to the realization of political democracy than to its inhibition. "In India," they say, "the blurring of lines between natural and voluntary structures has placed her associational life on a footing not too different from that of modern nations." India's castes, which are not as rigidly defined as most Westerners assume, function the way the numerous voluntary associations in the United States function: organizing political power and channeling public opinion. If Hindu traditions were smashed, power would concentrate at the center of Indian society. As a result, the isolated and demoralized Indian would have difficulty defending his particular interests against a "public interest" proclaimed by a ruling elite—one that was Westernized and believed that it knew what was best for "Indian" Indians.

But the question of whether Indian tradition can accommodate itself to democracy is a secondary one for most Westerners. The main question is whether a backward and impoverished country like India can afford democracy. Yet it is no longer, I suspect, an open question for those Westerners who rush to China in order to marvel at its supposed efficiency. In China, no doubt, the trains the Westerners take run on time, whereas in India, as we know from Paul Theroux's account in *The Great Railway Bazaar*, the trains never run on time. If the China enthusiasts think about India at all, they dismiss it as a hopeless muddle, a society mired in the past, one that needs something stronger than democracy in order to lift it into the present.

It is not considered proper, however, to deprecate democracy. One must always put in a good—if feeble—word for it. Thus most travelers to China throw in a qualifying sentence or two after they have recounted how successful China has been in conquering disease, famine, etc. As Theodore C. Sorensen says: "We can and should admire new China's determined and disciplined rate of economic and social progress without pretending to endorse the philosophy and system under which this progress is occurring." What this typical bit of legerdemain means is: China's political system is bad, but it has produced wonderful results, for the Chinese people are obviously much better off under this system than they would have been under any other. The Chinese system is efficient, whereas the Indian system is not. In other words, democracy is a luxury in countries like China and India.

Efficiency. How the word gladdens the hearts of so many intellectuals—both Western and Indian—who are impatient with the confusions of tradition and the delays of democracy. Yet rarely do they trouble themselves to find out whether their confident pronouncements about China's efficiency and India's inefficiency are accurate. About China, of course, there is no way of knowing. The Chinese divulge what they want to divulge, so that it is absurd of Sorensen to speak of China's "disciplined rate of economic and social progress" when he hasn't the slightest idea what that rate is. The very word "disciplined," moreover, recalls those who praised the discipline of Mussolini's Italian "experiment" as well as the discipline of Stalin's Soviet "experiment." India, however, is an open society, and we can make some assessment of its efficiency or lack thereof. In *India's Second Revolution*, a comprehensive study of India's economic development during the past 100 years, Lawrence A. Veit says that India's current economic growth rate of 3.3 percent per annum is a big improvement over the 0.7 percent growth rate estimated for the first half of the twentieth century—and, Veit adds, is "even more impressive in light of the economic stagnation India experienced during the period 1800-1950." When the subcontinent was ruled by Englishmen preaching the gospel of efficiency, the economy suffered.

And the Indian economy suffers now to the extent that it is con-

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trolled by a bloated state bureaucracy that launches—in the name of socialist efficiency—many hastily conceived crash programs. Rich in socialist rhetoric, the bureaucracy stifles private initiative to such a degree that "private businessmen, more and more unwilling and unable to cope with government controls, have reverted to extralegal devices...." A particular example of the bureaucracy's mindlessness is worth quoting in full. It centers on the experience of R. Venkateranam, after he became industries minister in Tamil Nadu. As Veit says:

> By his own account, he was frustrated on his first day in office when he found that the staff recommendation on every industrial license application on his desk was "Do not approve." The three points he made to his staff on this occasion were (1) that surely some applications were acceptable as submitted or with minor modifications; (2) that government should explain its disapprovals because, even though this would give businessmen more grounds to quarrel with official decisions, it would help them to understand the state's policies and submit more acceptable applications in the future; and (3) that because Tamil Nadu favored industrialization, when officials could not approve private investment proposals, they should recommend alternative projects which could be approved. Although Venkateranam's approach was radically different from normal operating procedure, it was adopted while he was minister and is generally credited with having provided Tamil Nadu with an unsurpassed period of industrial progress.

It would be simplifying matters to say that state planning in the name of efficiency has caused all of India's economic problems. The fact that the poor, in general, have not participated in India's economic growth can be blamed, perhaps, on the continuing problem of untouchability in India. But, as Veit makes clear, "if India had managed the resources that were available for its economic development with less doctrinaire concern for socialism...its development would have been faster and even the poor would have participated in the growth."

Comprehensive planning is not the answer to the problems of India's poor. Nor is the answer a complete break with the past—with traditions that enable Indians to organize politically so that they can effectively question the decisions of a massive state bureaucracy. As Nirmal Verma said in the last issue of *Seminar*, an Indian monthly forced to stop publication during the Emergency: "All projects of 'revolutionary reform' may become instruments of oppression if the people for whom they are designed are deprived of the right to judge and comment upon them in the light of their experience...." The travelers to China praise the regime for helping the Chinese people, yet have they ever asked a Chinese peasant what he has to say about the revolutionary reforms? The question is superfluous. Unlike the Indian peasant, the Chinese peasant would never risk being frank with a foreigner. Living as he does in a totalitarian state, he knows that if he is asked a pointed question he must smile and say what he has been taught to say.

In their dealings with Western visitors, the Chinese are courteous, deferential, and ordered. The Chinese work hard to assure Westerners that their vast country has been composed into a harmonious whole. India, however, confounds and bewilders, not only because the sight of so much poverty is shocking but also because, as Eric Stokes says, India remains a land "where different orders of civilization and material culture have not displaced one another successively but continue to live side by side." One can understand why most Americans prefer to go to China, but what about the Westerner's figurative "passage" to India? According to Peter Berger, the West urgently needs to make contact with "the cosmological imagination of the Indian mind." Otherwise, he says, the human race will eventually impose upon itself "a dreadful sameness of vision, in a global pseudo-civilization dictated by economics and politics." Berger, it strikes me, is asking too much of the West—asking us to appreciate and come to understand a culture that will always remain mysterious, and perhaps unsympathetic. Except for a determined few, the passage to traditional India will be too difficult for Westerners. Yet if Hindu India is beyond most of us, civil India—the India of free elections, rule of law, freedom of the press—is not. Those who gape at the Chinese experiment forget that India, the world's most populous democracy, deserves our interest, allegiance, and support. □

Charles Horner

Arabs in Antarctica

The Nordic explorer gives way to the Third World entrepreneur.

On December 7, 1911, the great Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen had gone farther south than any man before him. In his journal of the expedition, which would carry him and his party, finally, to the South Pole, Amundsen paid proper tribute to Sir Ernest Shackleton, who "had planted his country's flag so infinitely nearer to the goal than any of his precursors." Indeed, this was to prove the highlight of Amundsen's expedition, with the Pole itself something of an anticlimax. "We were further south than any human being had been. No other moment of the whole trip affected me like this. The tears forced their way to my eyes; by no effort of will could I keep them back."

A week later, Amundsen and his party reached the South Pole. He understated the immensity of their achievement. "We reckoned now that we were at the Pole....After we had halted, we collected and congratulated each other...." The flag of Norway was planted, but "one gets out of the way of protracted ceremonies in those regions; the shorter they are, the better." Although an uncomplicated individual, Amundsen could nonetheless imagine the larger efforts of exploration. He had sought a Northwest Passage in 1905, and had trudged through the northern polar regions. Once he had come upon a mailman from the Hudson Bay Company cheerily walking alone in the midst of nowhere. Amundsen had written: "I stood looking after him as he disappeared from view, and I thought, if you got together a few more men of his stamp, you could get to the moon."

Amundsen's later achievements in Antarctica were destined for submersion in the tragic fate of the British explorer, Captain Robert Falcon Scott. Scott's party had set out from its Antarctic base almost the same time as had Amundsen's. They reached the Pole in January 1912 only to realize that they had lost the race. In the attempt to return to their base camp, all five died. Scott's sur-

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viving diary, surely the most consuming of the personal accounts of Antarctic exploration, recalls both the heroic and the patriotic impulses of that era of discovery.

But time and technology dissolve the heroic image of the Antarctic. The Poles, both North and South, seem routine items in the business of strategy or economics. The Nordic explorer gives way to a new kind of international adventurer, the well-heeled OPEC entrepreneur. For him, Antarctica seems somehow to fit into the Islamic Renaissance. Prince Mohammed al-Faisal of Saudi Arabia, son of the late King Faisal and nephew of the reigning King Khalid, explained *his* plans for Antarctica to a *New York Times* reporter this past April. The Prince is apparently the originator of the idea of towing 100-million-ton icebergs from the Antarctic to water-short Saudi Arabia. According to the *Times*, "he says he will be able to deliver icebergs to any customer within two years." After interrupting the interview to take a call from David Rockefeller, the Prince continued: "I think it's a better enterprise than oil....If we had an order now, we could deliver by 1980."

There has always been a certain gentlemanliness about Antarctic enterprises, and the heroes of the great age of exploration would surely have scoffed at such notions of profit-making. Indeed, Antarctica remains one of the few pieces of real estate in the world still governed in accordance with gentlemanly principle and, till recently, almost wholly immune from the coarser displays of international rivalry and individual self-aggrandizement. But that is changing. Heroic feats of exploration have already given way to bureaucratized scientific expeditions, duly funded and directed by governments. Even the budding entrepreneurship of our Arabian prince seems anachronistic, as large international corporations and Soviet-style "state trading" apparatuses organize for the exploitation of the continent's potential riches.

Antarctic activity has always had an international character. The exploration and governance of the continent have been carried forward with an ethic perhaps best described as "early National Geographic." The continent, though circumnavigated by the legendary Captain James Cook in the late eighteenth century, was actually first sighted by an American in 1820. Twenty years later, French, British, and American expeditions established the existence of the large landmass. The Belgians sent the first expedition to winter there in 1898. The Argentinians began to operate a permanent weather station in 1904. Airplanes were introduced by the American admiral, Richard E. Byrd. Australians, New Zealanders, Norwegians, Chileans, Poles, South Africans, Frenchmen, Russians, and Japanese have all participated in "unlocking" the continent. Today, the United States maintains four Antarctic stations, two on the coast, two in the interior. About 120 Americans spend the austral winter; when the sun returns in October, they are joined by another 900, who prepare for the arrival of still another 300 scientific workers. All this costs about $50 million per year.

By traditional standards of territorial "scramble," imperialism in the Antarctic has been almost as genteel as its exploration. Seven countries claim sovereignty over pieces of Antarctic territory. The usual map of Antarctica, based on a south polar projection, resembles a pie, the claims being sector-wedges of differing sizes. Argentina, Australia, Britain, Chile, France, New Zealand, and Norway are the claimants, but their claims are not generally recognized. Chile and Argentina, for example, do not recognize each other's claims, but for more than thirty years they have agreed that they are the only two countries with rights to any claim. The other five recognize each other's claims. Meantime, the United States and the Soviet Union have made no territorial claims and do not recognize anyone else's. Shortly after World War II, it seemed as if the United States had perceived some strategic interest there. In both 1946 and 1947, the United States mounted expeditions involving about 5,000 men. But the Soviets remained relatively uninterested; the coldest of continents became the only one free of the Cold War.

Instead, Antarctica remained under the regime of science and exploration. A dozen nations agreed on a large-scale research effort, the International Geophysical Year, which began officially on July 1, 1957. Sixty research stations were established; the U.S. effort alone involved about 3,000 men and a dozen ships. The political task, then, became one of preserving the regime of science, and that effort is the origin of the unique international arrangement for the control of the continent.

An early United States proposal of 1948 seemed to reflect the anti-imperial ethos of American participation in World War II. The United States suggested a United Nations trusteeship for the area that would supersede all national claims. India revived the idea at the United Nations in 1956, but also to no effect. Two years later, the United States proposed to the other eleven participants in the International Geophysical Year that they conclude, among themselves, "a treaty designed to preserve the continent as an international laboratory for scientific research." The resulting Antarctic Treaty was ratified on December 1, 1959, and was acceded to by the United States in June 1961. Although any nation could sign the Treaty, only twelve enjoyed "consultative status." The twelve, who thus became managing partners for the continent, were Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Britain, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, South Africa, the Soviet Union, and the United States.

The Treaty's thirteen articles have provided a code of exemplary international cooperation, remarkable among such a diverse group. The Treaty preserves the continent exclusively for peaceful purposes, and bars all weapons testing, nuclear or otherwise. All scientific data is to be freely exchanged. Observers from any Treaty state can freely inspect the installations of the others. The Treaty establishes a system of periodic "consultative meetings," and it provides for admission, by unanimous vote of the original twelve, to the governing group. The only country so admitted to "consultative status" since the Treaty was signed is Poland, as of July 1977. The arrangement is thus a kind of condominium. Article X of the Treaty reads: "Each of the Contracting Parties undertakes to exert appropriate efforts, consistent with the Charter of the United Nations, to the end that no one engages in any activity in Antarctica contrary to the principles or purposes of the present Treaty."

What the "Antarctic club" administers is the world's fifth largest continent, slightly more than five million square miles, more than half-again the size of the continental United States. The customary polar projection map shows the landmass to be divided by a mountain range into an eastern two-thirds and a western third. The Transantarctic Mountains rise in some places to about 12,000 feet. The entire continent is covered with ice, which can be as much as three miles thick. And the ice is the first resource. Its significance is made plain in a report prepared by a scientific advisory panel to the Treaty powers:

> Ninety-nine percent of all the usable fresh water on earth is in the form of ice and ninety percent of the ice is in Antarctica. The total water content of

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all the world's lakes, rivers, soils and air masses represents less than one percent of all the ice. All the rivers on earth could be kept flowing for almost a thousand years with the water at present stored in the solid state.

There is a seeming symmetry, therefore, in the interest of Saudi Arabian princes in Antarctic ice, for Antarctica is even more to water what Saudi Arabia is to oil.

Since the "oil crunch" of 1973, there has also been increasing interest in the Antarctic as a potential source of petroleum and natural gas. In late 1977, the *Washington Post* reported that it had obtained an internal U.S. government document which theorized that the Antarctic continental shelf "could contain potentially recoverable oil, in the order of magnitude of tens of billions of barrels." (Compare with the 30 to 60 billion barrels of oil presumed to lie under Alaska's continental shelf.) If there is any oil in Antarctica, it will be the most inaccessible and, therefore, the most expensive oil in the world. But none has been found, and any development is years ahead.

But "living" resources are already being exploited. Here, attention is focused on shrimplike creatures known collectively as krill. By weight, krill contains about as much protein as beefsteak, and is clearly an important new food, whether for humans or animals. In fact, Antarctic krill has the potential to become, within a reasonably short time, the world's major fishery product (according, not least, to Barbara Ward's London-based International Institute for Environment and Development). At the moment, the total world catch of all marine species runs to about 70 million tons annually. Estimates for the possible catch of krill run anywhere from 50 million to 200 million tons annually; in other words, the lower figures alone imply a doubling of the world's annual "take" of fish. Right now, only some 50 thousand tons of krill are being taken but, as one student of these things, aware of the gearing up of a krill industry in major fishing nations, points out, "fisheries have a tendency to develop with alarming rapidity once a market has been identified....Practically unknown until the 1950s, by 1967 the annual catch of anchoveta came to 10 million tons." (Observers of the world economy will recall that the failure of the anchovies to appear off the coast of Peru in 1972 set in motion a complex series of events leading to enormous grain price increases, related global inflation, an embargo of U.S. soybean exports to Japan, the emergence of a major, multi-million-dollar soybean exporting business in Brazil, and other developments. One ought not casually to dismiss the role of humble marine species in the affairs of man.)

Now whatever may be said of the existing Antarctic regime, it is not one for the management of large-scale economic activity. It remains a regime for the scientist, but it is now under pressure from the forces of scarcity, real or contrived. Economic nationalism, especially the movement toward the assertion of exclusive 200-mile fishing zones, has intensified the competition for the remaining areas of "open sea," of which the Antarctic waters now loom as the most important. And there is the larger overlay of politics, characterized by the dominance of "Third World" majorities in international organizations. That majority often expresses its hostility to traditional free-enterprise approaches to economic activity, even as the New International Economic Order it propounded in 1974 envisions a substantial shift of wealth from rich nations to poor.

The Antarctic "consultative parties" met in London in September 1977. The meeting coincided with the publication of the first United Nations study of Antarctic fisheries. Carried out by the Food and Agriculture Organization at the behest of the United Nations Development Program, the report was the first in a promised series on the "living resources of the Southern Ocean," and it dealt mainly with krill. The study, and the timing of its release, were ways of asserting the interests of "mankind" in the deliberations of the "club." Surely, it was the first time that the Antarctic partners felt the real effects of the changes in the international climate. They responded by shelving the question of Antarctic minerals, hardly a pressing issue in any case.* Living resources, however, were considered a matter of "urgency." A special meeting of the parties was scheduled for late February 1978 in Canberra. The parties recommended, further, establishing a "definitive regime" before the end of 1978 for the "conservation" of Antarctic marine resources. The Working Group on this subject offered some significant notions about the meaning of "conservation" in this context: "It includes rational use, in the sense that harvesting would not be prohibited, but the regime would exclude catch allocation and other economic regulation of harvesting."

This is clearly one paradigm for the development of Antarctic resources, and the privileged thirteen—regardless of their pronounced differences on other international matters (Chile and South Africa receive no ritualistic abuse at these gatherings)—wish, presumably, to adhere to it. The other paradigm derives from the Law of the Sea conference, the UN-sponsored negotiations that have for some years now been attempting to create a new legal regime for what used to be thought of as the "high seas." The operating premise of the negotiations is that the resources of the deep sea are, as a 1970 UN declaration put it, "the common heritage of mankind." Application of this doctrine to Antarctica would mean, presumably, full internationalization of control of the continent.

The United States has for several years accepted the "common heritage" concept with respect to the deep seas, but its view of the applicability of this principle to Antarctica remains murky. Indeed, in May 1975, Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, then an Assistant Secretary of State and now Governor of Washington, testified before Senator Claiborne Pell's subcommittee on oceans. She was accompanied by Steven Burton of the State Department's Legal Adviser's Office and Peter Bernhardt of the Law of the Sea Task Force. The hearing record includes the following illuminating exchange:

Senator Pell. Is there any thought that the Antarctic resources might be considered as the heritage of all mankind similar to the seabed resources in the Law of the Sea negotiations?
Dr. Ray. [deleted]
Mr. Burton. [deleted]
Senator Pell. Has anyone opposed it? And if so, who?
Dr. Ray. [deleted]
Senator Pell. Has the United States taken a position in this regard one way or the other?
Mr. Burton. [deleted]
Mr. Bernhardt. [deleted]

Some insights can nonetheless be gained from the statements of the American representative to the special meeting on Antarctic fisheries this past February in Canberra. The United States committed itself to the creation of a new organization which would implement whatever rules the Treaty parties agree upon. However, the new institution would clearly have to include more than the original Antarctic partners, in fact "all those engaged in harvesting or scientific research within the Antarctic marine ecosystem." But the details of implementation would surely prove difficult. The Canberra communiqué spoke of the need to "harmonize" the activities of any new international commission for the Antarctic with the "responsibilities of the Antarctic Treaty Consultative Parties." The communiqué also mentioned the need to "take account of international organizations such as the FAO, whose cooperation would be important."

The opacity of these issues seemingly allows the American government more than the customary room to maneuver. Yet as often happens, when only a few are interested, the interest of the few is strong indeed; and though Antarctica has but a small public, it is an intense one. On February 1 of this year, to coincide with the Canberra sessions, the Department of State released a "Draft Environmental Impact Statement for a Possible Regime for Conservation of Antarctic Living Marine Resources." Comments on the draft were solicited from fourteen federal agencies and fifteen private organizations, only one of which could be said to represent

* The parties urged "their nationals and other States to refrain from the exploitation of Antarctic mineral resources while making progress toward timely adoption of an agreed regime" concerning those minerals. The question will appear on the agenda of the next regular consultative meeting.

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the "developmental interests." The other private organizations were almost exclusively a "who's who" of environmental activists—the Environmental Defense Fund, the Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club, the Natural Resources Defense Council, the World Wildlife Fund, and others. It is not obvious whether this was a tactic of "preemptive environmentalism" from the Department or an open invitation to these groups to respond adversely to any suggestion for large-scale exploitation of Antarctic waters.

Two things are apparent. First, the environmental groups display a predictable concern with the ecological problems of the Antarctic; their publications have begun to allude to it, although hardly with great frequency. Second, and more interesting, there seems to be a general feeling among the interested environmentalists that "international participation" in these decisions ought to be broadened. Not atypical were the views one of them offered at a State Department Open Meeting on the Antarctic last December. "It would seem prudent to have FAO and perhaps... UNESCO as full-fledged partners in the endeavor...." Now the suppressed premise of such proposals, for the environmentally concerned, must be that less environmental damage will result from a regime administered by the United Nations. Yet one might better argue the contrary proposition: that the "developing nations" are less sensitive to environmental concerns as such and, more important, the environmental effort will prove itself more effective in the open societies of the parliamentary democracies. It is easy to imagine environmentalists pressuring the United States and similar governments; it is hard to envision their pressuring, with equal effect, a United Nations bureaucracy ultimately responsible to a United Nations majority not much given to heeding the voice of the "public." Unhappily, the environmental movement is so immersed in the image of the western societies as polluters that it simply cannot perceive the vast advantages to its *own* purposes of international arrangements which maximize, not minimize, the influence of the industrial democracies.

Meantime, the Antarctic consultative parties decided to reconvene in Buenos Aires in July to continue work on their fisheries management project. The subject continues to dwell in an obscurity it perhaps does not deserve; but in an age when politics has everywhere followed explorers, it is in such obscurity that the continent of Antarctica will find whatever protection it will enjoy. □

J.D. Lofton

Leonid, We Hardly Knew Ye

A special book review essay of Leonid I. Brezhnev: Pages From His Life *by the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. With a special introduction by President Brezhnev for the American people and over 50 photographs. Simon & Schuster. $11.95.*

This headline-making book represents a major contribution to Soviet-American understanding. It was prepared as a direct result of an approach by Simon and Schuster to the Soviet Union and covers Mr. Brezhnev's life in full detail. In it, Mr. Brezhnev's personal views on major international questions—détente, disarmament, co-existence—and his meetings with various Western leaders, including American Presidents, France's Giscard d'Estaing, and such Socialist leaders as Fidel Castro, are given in detail. *Pages From His Life* is perhaps the first fully-rounded portrait of the Soviet leader and is a work of extraordinary importance, scope and depth. It is a book of rare and genuine excitement.

—Text of a full-page Simon and Schuster ad in the *New York Times Book Review*, April 30, 1978.

Let's be honest, open, candid, and above board and, as Lowell Weicker frequently says, let's put all the cards on the table face up: This book isn't for everybody.

So, who is it for? An excellent question which I would prefer to answer this way. It having slipped your mind, have you ever turned to a friend or loved one and asked: "Do you remember the date that the tabloid newspaper of the Dzerzhinsky steel mill in Kamenskoye, the Ukraine, ran the story about old Leonid being among the top four engineer graduates at the Arsenichev Metallurgical Institute?"

Have you ever wondered if, during the 1930s when Leonid worked in the Dzerzhinsky steel mill as "a good fitter and an even better gas purification machine operator," he was also "a good mixer and sought the company of people his own age, especially those who were bold, energetic, and eager and considered the building of the new world something close to their hearts"?

Have you ever been in a heated debate about Leonid's life and found yourself stumped and humiliated when your opponent put his nose against yours asking, as a sneer rippled across his upper lip: "Okay, wise-guy, if you're so smart, can you tell me when Brezhnev was elected First Secretary of the Zaporozhye Regional Party Committee, when he was elected First Secretary of the Dnepropetrovsk Regional Party Committee, and when he was elected First and then Second Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Kazakhstan?"?

If your answer to all these questions is "yes," then this book is for you. This book is also for Muhammad Ali, who recently returned from a ten-day trip to the USSR to inform us that in Russia: "There's no big shots. Everybody's plain and simple. Even Mr. Brezhnev [who is] as cute as ever"; there are "100 nationalities living in peace"; "[I saw] only one policeman. I didn't see no guns. No crime. No prostitutes. Not one homosexual. No hitchhikers, not one beggar [and no] bad, bad poverty"; and "I never felt so free from being robbed." Ali says it is a "lie" that there is no freedom of religion in the Soviet Union because he saw houses of worship for Moslems, Jews, and Catholics.

Unfortunately, Ali's glowing account of life in the Soviet Union was somewhat marred by the fact that on the very day he held his New York press conference, back in Moscow Vladimir Slepak was being sentenced to five years internal exile for the heinous crime of having hung a sign from his apartment balcony reading: "Let us join our son in Israel." And, a few days later, also in Moscow, a young Soviet citizen, undoubtedly elated over being no more plain and simple than Mr. Brezhnev, demonstrated his exuberance by axing to death a couple of elderly Swedish tourists. And, a few days after this, eight Pentacostalists, protesting the lack of freedom to practice their religion in the USSR, sat-in at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow saying they would not leave until they were allowed to emigrate.

But, what the hey, Champ, these are nits that I'm picking. I mean, you were there and know what you saw, right?

Oh, I almost forgot. The answers to the above questions are:

J.D. Lofton, long-time friend of Leonid Brezhnev and cultivator of championship orchids, is a nationally syndicated columnist.

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February 2, 1935; yes; August 30, 1946; November of 1947; August of 1955; and February of 1954.

What I like most about this book is its simplicity. It is, as Leonid tells us in his special introduction, a modest, low-key account—a story of how "only Soviet power enabled me, the son of a worker, to rise to the leadership of a glorious many-millions-strong party and of history's first socialist state." Local boy makes good. This book is a story of your average, run-of-the-mill, man-of-the-people who is a combination of Socrates, Desiderius Erasmus, Christ, Florence Nightingale, St. Francis of Assisi, Alexander the Great, and Albert Schweitzer, all rolled into one hell of a nice guy, if I may paraphrase.

Now, to be sure, there are going to be some criticisms of this book. Already the negative nabobs are beginning to natter. For example, a Mr. Adam B. Ulam, a so-called expert on Russia who teaches at Harvard, complains in the *New Republic* that this book doesn't contain "much light stuff." He writes of Mr. Brezhnev: "Perhaps deferring to their subject's modesty, the authors have refrained from describing those special skills and qualities which must have enabled him to get where he is." Questioning Leonid's version of his own upward mobility, Ulam observes: "Here we have a young graduate of an engineering school rising rapidly in the party hierarchy in the Ukraine in the late 1930s. How come? And why in 1950 should the Moldavian Communist Party select a Russian working in the Ukraine as its First Secretary? Well, the authors don't believe in dwelling on unhappy episodes of the past, and carry this restraint to the point of never mentioning the name of J.V. Stalin, or of alluding to the purges of the 1930s and 1940s. The reader is thus denied the full appreciation of how clever, as well as lucky, Brezhnev must have been: at a time when people in the party hierarchy were being liquidated right and left, he not only survived, but prospered."

Picky, picky, picky. First of all, the statement that Stalin is never mentioned in this book is a flat lie. Right there on page 53, in black and white, is this passage relating to Mr. Brezhnev's military record: "At this critical time Brezhnev was a frequent visitor on the Little Land. Marshall Georgi Zhukov, who came to the Novorossiisk area with a special assignment from the Supreme Commander in Chief, Stalin, regretted that he had missed seeing Brezhnev at the Army Field Administration." Quote, unquote. Can you read, professor! What word do you see in the middle of this passage? See it: S-T-A-L-I-N! STALIN! I must say that such incredible distortion of what's in this book makes one wonder if you really read it. I guess we'll really never know though, will we?

Now, to the more general thrust of your comments, Mr. Russian Expert. The plain fact of the matter is that whether you or I like it or not, the whole so-called purge thing has been done to death, as has Mr. Brezhnev's alleged role in doing Mr. Stalin's dirty work. Of course the USSR Academy of Sciences authors put no "light stuff" in this book. Of course they refused to indulge in the name-game or the numbers-game as regards this purge business. But so what? We all know about this stuff already.

In his 1974 book, *Brezhnev: The Masks of Power*, former *Newsweek* reporter John Dornberg describes Brezhnev's role in the Ukraine as follows:

> It was Brezhnev's responsibility to stimulate "ideological vigilance" against all manner of saboteurs, spies and enemies of the people who represented a wide spectrum of nemesis....Brezhnev also had to justify the terror and purges....Brezhnev was charged with organizing mass meetings, rallies, "spontaneous" demonstrations, parades, and celebrations to whip up popular enthusiasm for Stalin and the regime....
>
> Between 1945 and 1950 an estimated 500,000 of the republic's original 3,000,000 population were executed, sentenced to prison camps or deported....In July, 1950, Leonid Brezhnev was sent to Kishinev to complete the task. It was no job for the pusillanimous...the information that is available leads Western observers and the few emigrants from the republic to the consensus that Brezhnev's reign was draconian and represents one of the darkest periods of his career.

In conclusion, Dornberg says:

> It is a fact that the Brezhnev era has been characterized by persistent re-Stalinization for which Brezhnev himself must take major responsibility.... History will also record Brezhnev's greatest transgression: placing the ghost of Stalin in the niche left by Khrushchev's fall....Culturally, intellectually, and in terms of human freedom, the USSR has regressed under Brezhnev's rule....Under Khrushchev the labor camp gates opened and the prisons emptied....But under him [Brezhnev], a tentative thaw has turned into a new freeze. The prisons have begun to fill again and the camp gates are once more being slammed shut on desperate thousands whose only crime has been to speak their own minds. Brezhnev has but one prescription for the Soviet Union's malaise: more vigilance against foreign influences and more ideological discipline. The Soviet Union he will leave behind will be an infinitely sadder country than the one he found upon becoming its ruler.

See what I mean, professor? All this is extremely old hat. What the USSR Academy of Sciences is trying to do in this book is give us some hitherto unrevealed insights into Brezhnev the man. The following examples are chosen at random:

—We learn of Brezhnev's finely-tuned perceptiveness, how in 1915 at the age of nine, during several strikes at the Kamenskoye steel mill, "he sensed the determination of the workers and their exultation when they managed to wrest concessions from the mill-owners."

—We learn of Brezhnev the fun-person with a razor-sharp sense of humor, a man who worked hard as director of the Metallurgical Workers' Faculty but still "found time to join in singing and dancing" among "the people." During World War II, to go to the area known as Little Land was a journey of extreme peril, yet Brezhnev went there often and even found time to joke: "One day as Brezhnev was inspecting the landing places, which were constantly being shelled by the enemy, he noted how fearlessly the sailors were keeping them going and said to the soldiers: 'The sailors merit your respect, for without these heroes you would not have held that bridgehead.' And he added with a smile [and undoubtedly impeccable timing—J.L.]: 'True, they give us infantrymen a bath now and then, but that is not their fault.' "

—Speaking of World War II, this book is full of never-before-told tales of Brezhnev's personal courage which, quite frankly, makes one wonder why the rest of the Red Army was really necessary. In April of 1943, during heavy fighting on the Little Land, Brezhnev uttered a "winged phrase" which passed from mouth to mouth among the soldiers. The phrase? "You can kill a Soviet man, but you cannot defeat him!" Ranking right along side this immortal utterance is another Brezhnev rallying cry, made to a unit of Kazakhs, Azerbaijanians, Ukranians, and Russians: "This land will be a memorial to friendship among peoples, as indeed the whole war we are now fighting will be."

A man who displayed constant concern for the officers and their men, for all his subordinates, Brezhnev often forgot to take care of himself. Once, after machine-gunning a group of entrenched Nazis, Brezhnev was forced to hit the ground in a hail of return fire. This caused a Colonel Volkovich to exclaim to him: "You have no right to be here. What are you doing?"

"The same as you, Colonel," said Brezhnev.

"Please, go away. This is no place for you." To which Brezhnev replied: "My place is where the situation requires the earliest fulfillment of the combat task. Don't get excited, Colonel. Let's smoke these Nazis out of these damned barracks together."

In his smart-assed review of *Brezhnev: Pages From His Life*, Peter Osnos, a former Moscow reporter for the *Washington Post*, has the audacity to say that this "may well be the least revealing book about a personality of such importance ever published by an American book company....[It] is pure boiler-plate—the sort of stuff cranked out by party publicists before their first morning tea break." To you, Mr. Osnos, I say: hogwash!

No revelations? What, pray tell, do you call it when this book officially characterizes as progress the fact that the income of farmers in Moldavia actually declined under Brezhnev's rule in the early 1950s? What am I talking about? Well, it's all right there on pages 109-112.

In October of 1950, soon after Brezhnev was elected to the leading post in the Moldavian Communist Party, the sixth plenary meeting of the Central Committee was held, at which Brezhnev "put forward proposals for further measures to strengthen the

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republic's collective farms politically, organizationally, and economically." An "interesting" table in one of the displays in the Museum of History of the Moldavian Communist Party contains the following figures: In 1949 there were 375,000 collective farmers who made 110 million rubles in cash and kind for their work; by 1951 there were 3,388,000 collective farmers who earned 567 million rubles. Thus, in 1949 the average collective farmer was paid less than 300 rubles a year, but in 1951 under Brezhnev's reign, when the Moldavian countryside "took a big stride along the road of socialist reorganization," the average collective farmer was earning less than 200 rubles a year. This achievement in agriculture in the republic, we are told, "vividly demonstrated the vitality of the collective-farm system and the advantages of large-scale socialist agriculture, which made the use of machinery and intensive diversified farming possible."

Okay, Mr. Osnos, you're probably saying that this is a big book and you missed this one revelation. But, if you're saying this, you're wrong—w-r-o-n-g. There are many, many other revelations in this book about which I would be extremely surprised to hear you say honestly: "Oh, I already knew that." For example, did you really know that "a characteristic feature of Soviet reality is that there is no unemployment in the Soviet Union. The last of the unemployed got a job back in the early 1930s. Since then the Soviet people have completely forgotten the labor exchange and what it means to be dismissed. They have a confidence in the future and know that the right to work recorded in the Constitution is a reality"?

Were you truly aware, Mr. Osnos, that "as a result of the complete triumph of the socialist social relations, the Soviet state, which arose as a dictatorship of the proletariat, has developed into a state of the whole people"?

Did you know that Brezhnev himself emphasizes that "Communists have no privileges save the one privilege of giving more of themselves than others to the common cause and of fighting and working better than others for its triumph. Communists have no special rights, save the one right of always being in the forefront, of being where things are the hardest"?

Were you fully conscious of the fact, Mr. Osnos, that Brezhnev believes "the Soviet Union stands firmly for non-interference in the internal affairs of all states, for respect of their sovereign rights and of the inviolability of their territory"?

And can you say, Mr. Osnos, that you knew that in the late 1930s, when he was Secretary of the Dneprodzerzhinsk Regional Party Committee, Brezhnev "inquired into everything, even the smallest details, including how many amateur art circles there were at the palaces of culture and clubs. However busy he was, he would ask the charwoman at the Regional Committee about the health of her grandson, inquire of an official of the Regional Committee about the news from his son in the armed forces, or congratulate a girl from the typists' pool on her marriage"?

And last, but certainly not least, Mr. Osnos, there are Brezhnev's moving and intimately personal views on détente. Before reading his book, could you say, without qualification, that you were already fully cognizant of the fact that he believes "the edifice of détente cannot be allowed to collapse under the onslaught of the protagonists of the cold war and the arms race.... Détente means readiness to settle differences and disputes not by force, not by threats and saber rattling, but by peaceful means, at the negotiating table. Détente means definite trust and the ability to reckon with one another's legitimate interests"?

This may all be boiler-plate to you, Mr. Osnos. But there is also another phrase that might be used more accurately to describe these heretofore unrevealed revelations. Perhaps you've heard the American expression: telling-it-like-it-is.

Footnote: I hate to end on a sour note, but I do have a small complaint about this book. In my copy of *Brezhnev: Pages From His Life* pages 161-192 were repeated whereas pages 193-224 were missing altogether. □

Paul Seabury

Clausewitz: Visions of a Nuclear War

War is still a continuation of politics by other means—even nuclear war.

A word is in order about the origins of the following, astonishing piece. Several weeks ago, the World Without War Council of Northern California sponsored a day-long symposium on U.S. arms control and disarmament policy. Mr. Robert Pickus, its organizer, decided that one panel should be devoted to the thoughts which several major historical figures might convey to President Carter on this subject. One of these was Carl von Clausewitz (1780-1831), the brilliant Prussian strategic writer. By coincidence and by a stroke of luck I was personally able to persuade Clausewitz to tape-record a brief message. It was presented to the symposium, and greeted with general amazement by all. The text which follows is a faithful transcription of his remarks and is published with his permission. —*P.S.*

First of all, let me say that it is a unique honor to be asked to make some words of advice for your President. I only wish I were able to be with you personally on this occasion, but in any event Professor Seabury has kindly made available to me the opportunity to record my remarks on what he calls tapes. Up here in Valhalla we were all under the impression that tapes were something which only your President had, so you may imagine how flattered I am to make use of them also.

All of us up here always worry about our reputations and about the ways people misrepresent us and what we have written. My friend Karl Marx is always upset. He claims his reputation has been hijacked by a bunch of gangsters (as he calls them). It was bad enough, he says, when some Russian characters took him for a ride, but then came all those Chinese who completely turned upside down everything he has written. He goes on and on like that, and I try to calm him down. I tell him that, although eternity is not fair to him, it is unfair to me also. Have another goblet of ambrosia, I say to him. But he has a terrible temper, nevertheless.

I have been asked, by Professor Seabury, to join in giving some advice to your President. I will be sharp.

My main point is about the problem of war. You Americans

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through all your history have had a very odd view of it. You dislike it, as we do who know it, as most of you do not, from personal experience. You have been very lucky thus far, while most others have been very unlucky. There were more Russian civilians killed just in the siege of Leningrad, in World War II, than Americans killed in all wars since the time your country became independent. War, to you, is something which happens somewhere else. The only physical damage your nation has suffered directly on account of foreign wars in the twentieth century, on your mainland, was a fire-bomb attack by the Japanese which burned up a few trees.

When *you* get into a war you want it over fast so that you can turn to other affairs. That meant in World War II you strained every muscle and used every bit of technological equipment to subdue completely your enemy, and you laid aside every other consideration, including highly important strategic-political ones, in favor of the single aim of unconditional surrender. As your General Marshall said during that war, it must be finished quickly because Americans will not stand for long wars. When you were done with that war, you dismantled your military forces and went back to peace.

You are an impatient and sporadically idealistic people. In peacetime you despise war and you despise power politics. You punish your wartime leaders for not having made a perfect peace, and you often chain your peacetime leaders in such ways that they cannot by strong and cautious statesmanship preserve what peace you have. In war, you dress up your national interests in fancy clothes and think of yourselves as world saviours, rather than as prudential advocates of basic national interests. You thrive on moralizations both in peace and war. In peacetime, you want your leaders to be held to the highest puristic standards of ethics in an otherwise very impure world, while in wartime you impatiently demand them either to deliver the goods immediately or get out. Your leaders often appease your desires by concocting bold new programs of such conceptual gigantism as to preclude realization. Right now, as you turn away from any serious projects which might help constrain the Soviet Union's relentless expansion, you approve your President's style of preaching loudly on human rights all over the world while carrying no stick, except a tiny one which he uses to slap at your less-than-perfect allies and friends.

You furthermore seem to be under the impression that your welfare and security are best preserved by making your country the ecologically cleanest and your statesmen the most honest, open, and candid. You demand that your intelligence services behave like Boy Scouts; you want their files to be an open book so that the whole world, and your adversaries, can read them.

You Americans easily forget the price of peace. When you do think up ways by which wars may be prevented, you think you can easily convert your adversaries to the logic which led you to your conclusions. Because you hate arms races you think you can persuade your adversaries to accept projects to bring them to a halt. You "mirror-image" them in your conviction that down deep they harbor the same humanitarian instincts and goals that you do. You are ambivalent about the kinds of powers your President should have in dealing with enemies and friends. When he actually has power you accuse him of conducting an Imperial Presidency. When he is hampered and checked, as he is now, you wonder why your government is indecisive. You want your government to conduct its foreign policy in a goldfish bowl, although no one else does, and you report in your papers all the things your intelligence services do, to make it easier for your adversaries and worse for your friends. You have a democracy, which few other nations do, and you have to know the price you pay for keeping it. My other colleague up here, de Tocqueville, put it to you bluntly when he said that your kind of government makes it almost impossible to pursue any fixed design in foreign affairs. It is surprising that you have done as well as you have. One of your Americans once said that God protects women and children and the United States of America, but he may have been making a joke.

Now as to *my* views on this subject of war. One of the most important points I made in my book, *On War*, was that war was a continuation of politics by an *admixture of other means*. I am greatly misunderstood on this subject by liberals and totalitarians both. Liberals took what I said and dropped the clause "by an admixture of other means," and thus made me appear as ridiculous, as an advocate of *pure war*. What I say is that at all times—both in peace and war—the political object is always the highest, and that wars conducted with no reference to the political are mindless exercises in human destruction. The military at all times should be subject to the constraints of political goals. My countryman Bismarck knew this; my countryman Ludendorff didn't. My country in World War I went down to shameful defeat in part because of this.

I say that the statesman at all times must strive to reconcile means and ends, and must not set ends higher than those which his means can obtain. I say he must control his means when these threaten to overwhelm the political objective.

There must be a proportionality in all things; a wise statesman does not squander limited resources on foolish dreams, as Hitler did, to bring ruin on his country. But he does not starve his armed forces, thinking that by so doing he can set a high example of peaceableness to other nations. He should not cut down his nation's international security requirements to a level corresponding to the facile and simplistic judgments of those who see arms and arms races merely as the cause of war.

He must avoid the frivolous notion that aggressors always want war, and that they sit around planning to start one at some date. Aggressors almost never *want* war; they prefer to get what they want without it. They also prefer to get what they want unopposed; when they are resisted, they feel justified in their own terms in considering those who resist them to be warmongers. They want peace and they want the political objects which sometimes can only be obtained by fighting. They tell you that when you oppose what they desire, you heighten tensions, and this gives rise to the danger of war. I am informed that this is now the case with your country when your President occasionally objects to the activities of your adversary and his mercenary Cubans in Africa.

Let me now turn to the ways in which the totalitarians misread me. This has been going on for more than half a century, since Lenin first preempted my work and made me into a Bolshevik. You may recall that Lenin only got round to reading me in 1914 or so; but ever afterward I have been a household name in the Soviet Union, particularly in the military academies.

How do they misrepresent me? Recall what I said: War is the continuation of politics by an admixture of other means. Lenin, and his followers since, take my statement to mean that war and politics *are one and the same*. I never said that. They say that the principles of war apply in peacetime as they apply in times of armed conflict, and that therefore there is never peace. Conflict, they say, is the essence of politics. At all times struggle goes on between the "camps," as they call them; and this is necessary. The pressures are unremitting even if from time to time the active locales of pressure, and the means, change. These pressures take the forms of psychological warfare, propaganda, military threats, KGB operations, and an activist diplomacy.

Politics for them is a friend-foe relationship; even though the foe may be respected sometimes, he remains the necessary object of rivalry. It is very important for you to understand, and your President, too, that this disposition to regard politics as always conflictual does not necessarily arise from hatred (although hatred may sometimes enliven it). It is simply a way of behaving in a world which is viewed as a battleground where differing social systems coexist, and where "scientific socialism" is deemed to represent the triumphalist consummation of history.

For them to take this view does not mean at all that they connive at actual war with you. They know enough of the facts of life to know that recklessness in the use of military power can bring a train of horrible consequences. They can behave prudently because of this, and typically do so. But their way of looking at the world, tell your President, is very different from yours. Their nation has experienced gigantic catastrophes in war and has survived in the past. Their attitude towards politics was forged in a cauldron which steels the nerves of the hardiest. They have had

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long experience in dealing with grave issues of political and national survival. They are in no particular hurry in advancing their goals. But—and here I come to the essential point of my advice to your President—they know as I know that arms serve not only the strategic purposes of war. Arms, and even nuclear ones, are in the first instance political resources. They can be used to obtain *political* goals. They are a medium of exchange in the marketplace of world politics. For you to think that the grandiose panoply of weapons which your adversaries yearly augment is merely a ridiculous waste of resources, energy, and talents is a fundamental mistake when seen in the light of ordinary Soviet behavior. It is to them the very coinage of high politics, for, as in the case of gold reserves stored in mountain vaults, it is known to be translatable into means of influence even when it is hoarded. The world respects power, and the world will the more respect vast power, especially when in sheer grandiosity it is witness to serious purposes and unrelenting will.

I sometimes think your President, and some of his advisors, and many of your liberals, tirelessly reconstruct the Soviet Union with hypotheses which fit your own aspirations for a better world. You think of yourselves as dedicated tutors of backward, if teachable, students. You think they can be brought around to your way of thinking about the ways the world ought to work. You think they will learn of the realities you portray, and accept your formula of strategic parity; you let lapse your own forces to give them a spell to catch up, and when they pass you by in all sorts of categories of weaponry, as they already have, you sigh deep missionary sighs. "What in heaven's name is strategic superiority?" your former Secretary of State once sighed. "What on earth would you use it for?" A preacher's life is not a happy one.

So as things are going, you Americans are accepting strategic inferiority and probably will be inferior in almost all categories by the mid-1980s. You once prided yourselves on a navy second to none, when your only competitor for that role was a friendly nation, England. When your only competitor now is your sworn adversary, you are by your deeds accepting inferiority. Your adversary once was just a regional power, in Stalin's time. Now he is a global power. He is respected for this, and feared, as really determined powers always have been. In Europe your forces and those of your allies are well below any capability of stopping a Soviet offensive. During your détente, while you have been negotiating for mutual force reductions in Europe, your adversary has been relentlessly increasing his forces.

Your adversary does not want a war with you. But your adversary nevertheless plans for a war which he could win and survive. He finds unacceptable the idea that war is unacceptable. He does not yearn, as you do, for a golden era of strategic equality and balance, wherein each shall equally constrain the other. You gave him the chance to demonstrate his acceptance of your view of this and he rejected it. You look upon the supposed strategic balance in a confined way, as though that balance applied only to specified categories of nuclear weapons with intercontinental targets. Your adversary views the strategic balance as a correlation of forces, regional and global, political and military, and as always changing. You yearn for a stable equilibrium, as a basis for eternal strategic peace, yet you find yourselves caught in a strategic conception of deterrence—mutual assured destruction—so horrible that it has little utility in all the less horrible contingencies where your adversary's forces advance. Your adversary, more prudent, collects his power in all categories, envisaging less apocalyptic circumstances where force could be brought into play. Mutual deterrence is the way you organize your thoughts. Oddly enough, he, as do I, thinks beyond deterrence; and in so doing comes upon the question of war very differently than you.

I sympathize with your fundamental view of a strategic balance; but I challenge your innocent insouciance about the deterioration of it. One of your worst traits is that you have encapsulated the idea of strategy within the idea of deterrence, rather than seeing deterrence as one among many aspects of strategy. As I see it now, you have no strategy. You had one when you had the doctrine of containment. But now even the inventor of containment, George Kennan, has repudiated himself.

I have spoken too long. I must go back and join my friends at the long banquet table where we eternally discuss these matters. But up here, as some of you would say, these are academic concerns. For you, they are not.

Good luck. □

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Naomi Decter

How To Pick Up a Woman's Magazine

Their bodies, their selves, their husbands, their recipes.

Women's magazines are the Scripture of fulfillment: Their creed is happiness; their lesson, that its attainment is a matter of the right recipe. The teaching of magazines like *Cosmopolitan, Redbook, McCall's,* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* is—and always has been—that life's miseries, large and small, can be overcome through practicality, perseverance, and faith.

Practical and imaginative solutions to women's problems are a specialty of the magazines; advice from professionals—doctors, decorators, and beauticians, among others—is a staple. "Strapped for cash?" they might inquire, "Have no fear; with a stitch here and a can of mushroom soup there, Rayon can look like silk, hamburger can taste like beef Stroganoff." "Cramped for space? Put up a shelf above the kitchen sink and your basement two-bedroom can be a luxury penthouse." "No date for Saturday night? Don't despair; throw a party and invite everyone you know." "Unattractive? Try a little powder blue in the corners of the eyes." Coping with the small difficulties of daily life is, of course, essential to the pursuit of fulfillment. But it is hardly the key ingredient in the recipe for happiness.

It is quite taken for granted by the women's magazines that our Rayons are turned to silk not for our own well-being alone; we are clearly not intended to devour our hamburger Stroganoff in the solitary splendor of our basement penthouse. All the penthouses and Stroganoff in the world are meaningless without a passionate and compassionate man to share them. Indeed, the formulae for self-improvement are simply weapons in the struggle to find or to keep love.

The importance of love to the good life is expressed not only in the practical instruction of the magazines, but also in the literature that fills their back pages. Almost without exception, this literature is romantic fiction in its purest form. A lonely woman comes across Mr. Right in the vegetable market; bells ring and birds twitter; after a serious quarrel, the couple is reunited to live happily ever after. Or, a woman who has found Mr. Right survives some great tragedy with his loving and steadfast support. The variations are endless, but the theme is unchanging: that Mr. Right is just around the corner, if only we have the patience to wait for him; and that loving and being loved by him (and, probably, his children) will be our central concern and chief satisfaction.

It was this theme that brought down the wrath of Betty Friedan upon the women's magazines fifteen years ago. They, she claimed, were among the chief propagators of the "feminine mystique." They, for sinister and unexplained reasons of their own, helped create the image of woman as one who finds fulfillment not within herself, or even in the world outside, but within the confines of her own home, as nothing more than her husband's adjunct. In Friedan's scenario, women readers in the fifties were helpless victims, innocents worked upon by a campaign of oppression.

But women are supposed to have changed. We are no longer, it seems, dupes of the myth that true happiness is to be found in the arms of a man, in the bosom of a family. We have, so they tell us, finally had our consciousness raised. Of course, we're a long way from the sexlessness wished on us by some of our more militant sisters. In fact we've even fallen short of more modest goals sought by the less extreme. We still constitute only a tiny percentage of the upper echelons in business, politics, and the professions in general. We are still more likely than men to abandon academia for suburbia. We are still treated as high-risk ventures by employers and creditors. Some scientists even seem—to their horror—to have discovered in us a "chemical imbalance" that interferes with our aspiration to absolute undifferentiated equality with men.

Neither the slow pace of social change nor the vagaries of science, however, have been allowed by sympathetic interpreters of cultural trends to obscure the essential *psychological* victory of the women's liberation movement. Anyone who gets his sociology from the mass news media will have reached the inescapable conclusion that women simply are not going to put up with it anymore. Read the newspaper, watch television, and there we are: eager to step out of the delivery room and into the boardroom, longing to give up PTA work for ERA work, itching to hop off the sexual pedestal and into bed. Even puzzled skeptics, who pore over mental lists searching in vain for a female acquaintance who might be included in the ranks of the liberated, begin to mistrust the evidence of their own senses in the face of the public onslaught.

A new woman, it is asserted, has emerged from the struggle for equality. While we may not have gotten everything we deserve, at least now we know we deserve everything we can get. We have learned at last that to think of happiness as contingent upon anyone outside ourself is a denial of our own "personhood," and thus certain to bring emptiness and despair.

One would expect that this change in the criteria of fulfillment would be registered in the women's magazines—if nowhere else. The fact is, however, that this new woman striking the fear of God into the hearts of the Harvard Law School and the *Reader's Digest* is simply not to be found in the pages of *Cosmo, Redbook, McCall's*, or the *Ladies' Home Journal*. All the evidence there suggests that women are still more interested in knowing how to get married than in how to get into Congress, in how to cure diaper rash than in how to make a killing on the stock market.

This is not to say that these journals alone have remained unaffected by the dicta of our cultural jet set. No one could ever accuse them of being behind the times. Cultural fashion is as important to them as cosmetic fashion, and there have unquestionably been adjustments made to keep up with developments in both. Energy and consumerism, for example, are all the rage nowadays, and articles like "How Young Couples Can Save Energy" and "Is Your Doctor Overcharging You?" are on the increase. Nowhere, however, is the women's magazines' attention to social trends more strikingly demonstrated than in their new, "modern" attitude toward sex.

Sex was by no means taboo in the magazines twenty years ago;

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it was, simply, taken for granted. Without explicit references, and primarily within the fiction pages, it was made clear that happily married couples enjoyed passionate and satisfying sexual relations. As sex has become more and more an issue for public discussion and clinical study, however, it has moved out of the fiction pages and into the feature pages. There, along with instructive hints on surviving those first devastating months of motherhood and giving new zest to that tired old meatloaf recipe, we now find helpful tidbits from sex counsellors.

Needless to say, such "sex: how to do it and like it" features entail a degree of explicitness foreign to the magazines of yesteryear. A recent *Redbook* offering, for example, promised "Plain Talk About Sex and Pregnancy," and very plain talk it was. In a remarkable display of un-self-consciousness, several young couples discussed the inhibitions imposed on their sex lives by pregnancy, and the delights of "experimenting with different non-vaginal methods" during which one couple "found a mutual masturbation technique that accomplished something of what [we] were after."All this in the interest of helping others like them to enjoy "what can be the most exciting and tenderest time in any couple's sexual life." *Cosmopolitan* came forth with advice to those unencumbered by fetus: "Shape Up for Super Sex" advised, among other things, stretching "those ever-important hips" to avoid embarrassing muscle spasms.

This unabashed preoccupation with sexual mechanics is accompanied by what can only be termed liberal views on pre- and extramarital sex. Sexual intercourse is no longer confined largely to the conjugal bed, although not even *Cosmopolitan*, the most daring of the magazines, goes so far as to condone loveless sex. At the same time, marital infidelity, which used to be grounds for divorce—or at least the threat of it—no longer seems to merit even anger. The *Ladies' Home Journal*'s Dr. Theodore Rubin sees the trauma of discovered infidelity as a device for greater self-awareness, which "often can help both partners achieve a deeper relationship." In *McCall's*, Marcia Lasswell and Norman Lobsenz laud those who "instead of concentrating on their own feelings of pain...try to find out '*Why* did this happen?' "

The frank and casual treatment of sex attests to the sensitivity of today's women's magazines—and of their readers—to the barometer of cultural fashion. The trend it mirrors, however, began long before Betty Friedan discovered the conspiracy to keep women in pink ribbons. The so-called revolution in sexual attitude that has led to the scientific approach was not perpetrated upon us by the Sisters and bears no relation to the much-touted struggle for political, economic, and psychological independence. Evidence of such an ideological battle does not, to put it mildly, abound in the traditional magazines.

There is, to be sure, a certain amount of lip service paid to the notion that women seek from the world exactly what men seek from it, and that they live in the world exactly as men do. This notion is relegated, as was sex two decades ago, to the fiction pages. The course of true love, which might once have been disrupted by a cruel or careless word, may nowadays be interfered with by a woman's qualms about relinquishing her selfhood. A case in point is the recent *Ladies' Home Journal* story about a family faced with a move from the west to the east coast. That the motivating conflict of the plot is the wife's refusal to pick up and move in the interests of her husband's career bespeaks some degree of concern with current "women's issues." That the case is weighted very heavily on the husband's side (staying, he stands to lose a chance for more interesting and rewarding work; moving, she would give up only her cherished lemon tree and the lovely California climate), and that his wife eventually "comes to her senses" and gives in, is an indication of the value accorded to those issues. A further instance of the obligatory obeisance to women's lib is to be found in the *McCall's* story of a child acquiring a talent for generosity. This otherwise charming tale of a little girl and her imaginary playmates is interrupted every few paragraphs by an utterly gratuitous aunt, the sole purpose of whose existence —in life as well as in the story—seems to be to intone mournfully, "I always wanted to be a nurse. But everyone keeps telling me how pretty I am, so I can't be one."

While the deeper questions of woman's identity are glossed over lightly, the increase in the number of women at work has clearly had some effect on editorial policy. Both the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *McCall's*, for example, have instituted regular features on the working woman—*McCall's* offers $1,000 for "stories that reflect the special problems, conflicts, and opportunities that confront women who have jobs outside their homes." The others now devote a certain amount of space, that would once have been the exclusive preserve of movie stars, to women pursuing less glamorous callings. There is even an occasional recipe for "interesting lunches to take to work."

Conspicuously absent, however, are the sorts of features that might be seen as practical guidelines for the liberated woman. Not a single hint on pushing a bill through the legislature, nor a single clue as to replacing a dead spark plug, is to be found. One might, in fact, conclude that most women who work do so out of financial necessity—or for some other private purpose. There is absolutely no indication that women in the marketplace constitute the vanguard of a revolution.

If, indeed, any revolution has occurred in women's understanding of their needs from the world, it remains unacknowledged by the magazines that cater to them. And it would be foolish to accept Mrs. Friedan's patronizing view that those of us who read the traditional magazines are their victims—led blindly, like so many sheep, into the trap set for us by a malevolent society.

In fact, quite the opposite is true. Only the extravagantly fanciful among us actually *believe* that chopped chuck can be anything other than what it is. The rest of us are quite aware that blue eyeshadow does not a Sophia Loren make. We know only too well that it takes a lot more than a trip to the vegetable market to find Mr. Right—and that when we do find him he may be only Mr. Pretty Good, Considering. It is awfully nice, though, to hear otherwise every so often. That we *choose* to hear it is amply demonstrated by the fate of several new magazines that ignored our preference: One folded rather quickly, another has gone bankrupt, yet a third never made it past the preliminary test-marketing.

That we choose *Redbook* over *WomenSports* is primarily, however, proof that things in the world of women are pretty much as usual. We women—housewives and newscasters, mothers and firefighters alike—still seek, and find, our ultimate satisfaction in love and marriage. The sets and props have been modified somewhat, but the drama remains the same. □

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Harold Clurman

Broadway: A Consumer's Guide

New York theatre's prosperous mediocrity.

It has long been my contention—though it may have been an illusion—that I could sense the state of a nation, here and elsewhere, by what was being produced in its theatre.

At one time, for instance, I gathered from what I saw on the stage in Prague just before the Dubcek regime was installed that Czechoslovakia was due to undergo a liberalizing change to "the socialism with a human face." On a later visit to that city I perceived the imminence of a reaction leading to its present, much harsher government. These impressions were not inferred from plays of a political character but from an undertone in the stage fare and in audience reactions. The theatre in every epoch is a social barometer.

To judge by the New York theatre season of 1977-1978, I would say that our country is now on a level of "calm" which does not signify peacefulness so much as uncertainty, a degree of apprehension, and a yearning for benevolence. The artistic stamp in such a condition is mediocrity.

The reports on the New York theatre season just ended glow with statistics of prosperity. In 1974, *Variety* carried the headline, "Theatre Is Now A National Invalid." A year later *Variety* blazoned its front page with "Legit Season Hits Historic High!" The latter pronouncement hardly tallies with the fact that during the 1927-1928 season two hundred and six productions were mounted and that there then were some sixty theatres in the Broadway area whereas now little more than half that number remain. The League of New York Theatres and Producers recently boasted that, while in 1975 fifty-seven million dollars were spent in theatre admissions, in the 1977-1978 season ticket sales were twelve percent ahead of 1976-1977. But this takes little account of the inflationary rise in the cost of tickets and the operation of productions.

But the health of the theatre should not be measured solely by economic factors. We must look to the quality of productions of all types. It is in this regard that I feel justified in speaking of the past season as generally mediocre.

The New York Drama Critics Circle this year was unable to agree on a "best" American play. The play awarded an almost unanimous accolade was Hugh Leonard's *"Da"*, a sprig of Irish growth. (Many of the plays similarly honored in previous seasons were English.) The Pulitzer Prize this year was given to *The Gin Game*, the work of a new playwright, D.L. Coburn. *"Da"*, *The Gin Game*, Ira Levin's *Deathtrap*, and Neil Simon's *Chapter Two* were all nominated for the Tony award; *"Da"* was the eventual winner.

The Gin Game,a box-office success, is a pleasant two-character piece of slight weight. Most of its first act is devoted to the humors of a gin game in which two elderly people in a welfare nursing home engage to fill the emptiness of their existence. The woman, who is a beginner at the game, keeps beating the practiced and expert man. Much laughter! The second act gets to the core of the play. These two lonely people, whose children evince only a perfunctory devotion to their parents, share a common fate and thus have every reason to develop a close relation to one another. But, alas, their trivial competitiveness—particularly acute on the man's part—divides them and may deprive them forever of the consolation of enduring friendship.

The writing is agreeably deft; the emphasis is chiefly on the jokes rather than on the poignancy of the situation. The acting by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy is thoroughly engaging and Mike Nichols' direction skillful. There is no cause for complaint in regard to the play's eminence on the Broadway roster, but compare it to such former Pulitzer and Drama Critics' award-winners as *A Streetcar Named Desire, Death of a Salesman, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, or *Long Day's Journey Into Night.*

"Da" is an endearing play—most beguilingly acted by Bernard Hughes—about a son's memory of his dunderhead of a father. On the old man's death, his son, a resident of London, returns to the native (Irish) sod, thinks back to his boyhood and to the genial stupidity and backwardness of the environment—especially in respect to his Da whom he once believed he hated and whom despite all he could not help loving.

The affectionate sentiment of the play, and a good many funny lines with gentle pricks of intelligent asperity, sum up to humane entertainment. But one cannot conclude that the play breaks any new ground or manifests any special originality of perception or writing. It is another example of amiable Irish self-criticism within which we may discern an element of self-compliment.

Chapter Two is not the best of Neil Simon's comedy confections. It begins "seriously": A man whose beloved wife has died finds it painfully difficult to readjust to his life as a widower. But his "problem" is quickly resolved with barely a tremor of inner conflict.

Deathtrap is a thriller which kids itself. Its shivers are immediately relieved by the author's assurance that there's nothing to frighten us: It's all a spoof. The streets of New York are nowadays sufficiently menacing to make fright-inducing shows not merely tame but farcical. Thus *Dracula* is one of the season's biggest hits because it cannot scare a cat—or any adult.

It is only proper, in passing, to mention Ronald Ribman's *Cold Storage*, a play admired by a number of critics. It is in essence a conversation about death between two patients presumably suffering from a fatal disease. The upshot of their palaver is that while we are alive we may still enjoy life's various pleasures, including the most minute, and when we are dead there is no longer any agony. Why then be so terrorized by the prospect of death? Regardless of my indifference—not to use a stronger word—to the play's proposition, I need only add that talk alone, even humorous talk, is not drama.

Still, the Broadway scene does not tell the whole of our theatre's story. There is the off-Broadway theatre. This today chiefly refers to Joseph Papp's so-called New York Shakespeare

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Festival which is housed in the various playing areas within the Public Theatre on Lafayette Street. Perhaps even more significantly, there are sixty-nine shows in the off-off-Broadway category. These non-profit institutions are in the main supported by National or State Endowments for the Arts, by foundations, and by the Theatre Development Fund, which supplies tickets to most of the better productions at reduced prices to selected members of the public (teachers, hospital personnel, students, etc.) who cannot afford the regular box-office tariff.

It is not only from personal inclination that I tend to regard these off- and off-off-Broadway theatres with special favor. They are generally superior in artistic intent and in their ambition to exceed the limitations of the TV texture so often characteristic of Broadway entertainment. This does not mean that these aims are frequently achieved—excellence on any high level is perennially rare; but that they exist in these less publicized, minority domains is unquestionably a hopeful sign.

The play I voted for as a member of the New York Drama Critics Circle, in which I was joined by several other members, was Sam Shepard's *Curse of the Starving Class.*

Shepard is an uneven writer, his dramatic structure is often improvisationally erratic, but his vision is that of a poet; his plots are "myths" rooted in contemporary American experience. His meaning is socially penetrating without propagandistic alloy. His humor—most of his plays are comedies—possesses a quizzical hobo resonance and a sometimes savage irony. A former jazz musician who lives in California, Shepard infuses his dialogue with the open air, loping tone, and beat of our land in all its length and breadth rather than that of the exclusively cosmopolitan centers usual in most stage spectacles.

Curse of the Starving Class is typical of Shepard's almost too prolific output. It reflects the restlessness, the uprootedness, and the lack of a steady direction among our people. We are at the same time made aware of a permanent aspiration among those who dwell in outlying districts of our westerly states to soul-satisfying resolution of these dilemmas. The constant oscillation of impulses between anarchy and stability gives his *Curse* a grotesque hilariousness which without malice tells us more than many a more considered "message" about our country today.

Among other meritorious plays produced at the Public Theatre were *A Prayer for My Daughter* by Thomas Babe, and David Mamet's one-act *The Water Engine*. The first of these was very well acted but is not a sufficiently integrated mixture of brutal police-station realism and quasi-lyric statements (inappropriate to the circumstances) about the sorry state of our citizenry. Mamet's play is an extended radio sketch satirizing the commercial exploitation of human and social tragedy by our media. The trouble with this piece is that it willy-nilly succeeds in producing pretty much the same effect as the objects of its satire: that of superficiality.

A Life in the Theatre, another Mamet play successfully produced off-Broadway, has, in my estimation, been grossly overpraised by the press. Both *The Water Engine* and *A Life in the Theatre* were written before the author's far better play, *American Buffalo*, a prizewinner last season. Just as *The Water Engine* is clever without being genuinely efficacious in its attack on the media, so *A Life in the Theatre* is almost a collegiate and trifling picture of its subject.

In *The 5th of July*, at the reputable off-Broadway Circle Repertory Theatre, Lanford Wilson displays his talent for registering the addlepated but nonetheless significant temper of a whacky generation. The play suffers from being too oblique in plot and somewhat nebulous in its implications, but it still speaks to those attuned to the discombobulations of our youth. John Guare's *Landscape of the Body* (also at the Public Theatre) has its sharp moments but wobbles in its style and in its effort to offer consolation for the wounds of our erring humanity.

I must not fail to mention the musicals for it is in this sphere that America generically excels. Unfortunately, there is not much music in the air these days—without Kern, Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter—and in this respect all the season's exhibits have failed. Flashy settings and some good comic performances provide a modicum of attractiveness to *On the Twentieth Century*, an adaptation of the Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur play and film of yesteryear. *Runaways*, written, composed, and directed by the season's "genius," Elizabeth Swados, displays considerable zest in its cast of young players and a few bright lyrics (one of them named "Enterprise") but its theme—the runaways from sordid homes—is not truly dramatized. It is all too "showy": Everybody in it seems well-fed and self-satisfied, and only for the excessively sentimental does it convey pathos.

Working was a brave try by Stephen Schwartz and others to set Studs Terkel's interviews with humble wage-earners within a framework of song, dance, colorful costume, and a gaily stylized setting. But the play folded after a short time, unable, no doubt, to muster a wide appeal at Broadway prices.

The season's most stirring phenomenon is *Ain't Misbehavin'*, based on thirty songs composed or recorded between 1929 and 1943 by Fats Waller. I have reserved comment on this show because it is not what we commonly expect of a musical: It has no "book" or story. Or rather its story is in the unified exuberance of the five black performers who, though distinct as individuals, share in it as though they were limbs of a single organism. Considered abstractly the show is pure *theatre*. For while the text is witty and zestful, I fancy I might have enjoyed the occasion even if I had not understood a single word. An exultant celebration of existence emerges from the interplay among the actors. Their joyousness is a signal to all of us that even in these days of spiritual torpor we may all be glad to be in the world, glad of our day-to-day experience. The feeling is not talked about, explained, or preached: It is embodied.

So, except for this, no great surprises in script, acting, direction, or mode of production were registered in the 1977-1978 New York theatre. Nor was there anything shameful either. A charming Hungarian comedy named *Catsplay* by Istvan Orkenny was presented at the off-off-Broadway Manhattan Theatre Club, one of the better outlets for adventurous writing. It has since been moved to a larger theatre for commercial production.

Catsplay is acted with captivating zest by an English actress, Helen Bond, and its originality lies in its infusion of social nuance into the "goulash" of character comedy. Orkenny has succeeded in making a "fun show" into both an honest picture and a "defense" of Hungary's present condition.

Since the country forcibly became Communist under the vigilant eye of the Soviet Union, a too stringent expression of dissatisfaction would not be tolerated. Orkenny nevertheless suggests that Hungary still remains sentimentally regretful of the past; though now outwardly bedraggled, it is still romantic at heart, playful in spirit in such a way that none of the official strictures is capable of quelling the land's essential vigor, the soulful integrity of its citizenry.

In other words, with the freshest touch and abundant good humor, Orkenny shows through a delightful ambivalence how one may write a play of quizzical implication which will nevertheless escape strict governmental censorship. While our audiences enjoy the play on its own happy terms without recognizing its quasi-"subversive" dimension, an East European audience is relieved to see a truthful presentation of the discomfort and hardship of its everyday life, and is assuaged by its overt plot (which tells how a rich and *crippled* lady from Munich decides to join her sister in the jolly disorder of her Budapest quarters). It is the consolation of the poor that they are freer in inner disposition than the hidebound wealthy in the West. But the play as a whole transcends its socio-political allusion. It celebrates a disheveled romanticism in contrast to an inert conformism. Its charm is persuasive.

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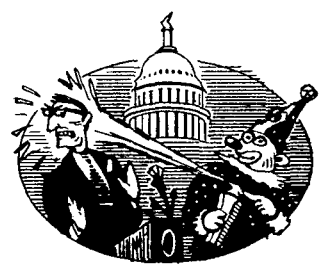
The season offered a few "fringe benefits" such as several plays about the horrors of South African apartheid. Our sense of indignation these days is chiefly aroused by evils in far-away localities. There were also revivals of plays by O'Neill, Shaw, and Molière, but I found none of them especially distinguished.

In brief, it was the kind of season to be expected at a moment of jittery affluence when it would be inopportune or ill-natured to rock the boat. □

CAPITOL IDEAS
by
Tom Bethell



HEW's Silver Anniversary

In front of the White House, on July 4, 1978, a dirt-encrusted, insensate mob of about 3,000 "yippies" filled Lafayette Square. They smoked marijuana openly, taunted police, trampled geraniums, or lolled inertly on the grass in a state of stuporous indifference while a scrofulous, hirsute, semi-naked, fully-crazed speaker harangued them with paranoid invective, assassination gibberish, and slogans: "Free the heads! Jail the feds!"

The assembled rabble constituted the worst possible advertisement for their cause—the legalization of marijuana. Fortunately, the present occupant of the White House, in retreat at Camp David, was not in a position to gaze out over the assembled throng. The President most probably would have thought it had something to do with the Allman Brothers and Hunter S. Thompson, and so deserving of immediate action. As it is, there's always the chance he will appoint Bella Abzug to look into the matter.

In the 16 years since I came to America, I can confidently assert that no chief executive has filled me with as many misgivings as Jimmy Carter: not merely misgivings about himself, but about the country that elected him.

Having thought about this for a while, I have concluded that America is now fittingly presided over by that characteristic specimen of the 1970s, the demoralized white male protestant—"Wimp," for short. President Wimp presides, and "presides" is the right word, for by no stretch of the imagination can Carter be said to govern. For that, at least, we may be grateful. With every passing day, he presents us with an ever more unattractive picture. At home, he practices the bitter politics of class resentment. He lashed out mercilessly at the "three thousand millionaires" who, he claims, will benefit from the Steiger Amendment to reduce capital gains taxes, perhaps forgetting that he is himself a millionaire. Predictably, however, this latest assault will backfire. Carter will find that the average man is more concerned by what *he* pays in taxes than by what his neighbor pays.

Abroad, Carter's most noteworthy act to date has been to take the side of the Rhodesian terrorists. This he has done in what he no doubt perceives to be the nobler cause of race war. (Let us no longer be taken in by the euphemisms of "majority rule.") In the characteristic style of the demoralized Wimp, it is his *own* race that he has turned on. The result is no leadership at all. (Notice the suggestion that the only way we can deal with totalitarian advances in Africa is to make friends with our enemies.) The peculiar consequence is that the nation-at-large is possessed of a collective good sense greater than that of its nominal leaders. This is not previously unheard of—England in its pre-war appeasement phase had many of the same characteristics—but it is surely unusual in the life of nations.

Senator Moynihan put his finger on a part of the problem in his discussion with Henry Kissinger (published in the American Enterprise Institute's useful bi-monthly journal, *Public Opinion*). "Most elites that lose wars lose their heads in the process. That has happened in this country in a way, and it has made for great internal change. I have this joke—which Henry may or may not appreciate—about the people who started the war and ran it and are still working here in Washington. Their excuse today is that 'I was only giving orders.' " Moynihan said he thought that this "failure of nerve" was with us "more so now than a few years ago when I originally sensed it."

Unfortunately, the demoralized white male is not merely the child of Vietnam. There are other progenitors. Our newsstands are awash in prominently displayed pornography. One of the few causes on behalf of which the Wasp-turned-Wimp is ready to turn out, drink a glass of wine, and cough up a donation is the legal defense of one or other of the more egregious pornographers or porn-film stars. This is done in the name of "free speech." At the trendy Washington gatherings, pot is circulated, cocaine sniffed. Not to join in is to be suspected of being "unliberated," possibly a Republican. And, as Malcolm Muggeridge does not tire of pointing out, thanks to the pill and abortion, sex has been separated from responsibility. Thus we arrive at the root meaning of the word demoralized. The Wasp-turned-Wimp has been de-moralized.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, as is by now well known, preached a sermon at Harvard roughly on the foregoing text. Interesting, then, to observe the reaction to it. A great whimpering was heard across the land. (Would we be asked next to forego porn, pot, and the pill?) Hostility in varying degrees was heard from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, James Reston, Arthur Schlesinger, and, most strikingly, Rosalynn Carter. Some critics suggested half-heartedly that Solzhenitsyn, the American guest, had spoken out of turn. But that is not convincing. Had Solzhenitsyn only condemned America for its

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racism, inequality, pollution, and poverty, the *New York Times* would certainly have commended his "thoughtful statement."

No, he made the *wrong* criticisms, saying we are weak, cowardly, spiritually exhausted. The suggestion that we should therefore be stronger and more resolute struck terror into the hearts of Wimps everywhere. No wonder Mrs. Carter disliked it so. A juxtaposition in the *Washington Star*'s story about her reply somehow managed to summarize everything I have been trying to say. Solzhenitsyn said that "the forces of evil have begun their decisive offensive." Mrs. Carter, it was reported, "will focus on neighborhood and community development programs in the coming months."

Three books that have come my way in the past month are worth a comment. The first is *A Time for Truth*, by William E. Simon (Reader's Digest Press, $12.50, preface by Milton Friedman, foreword by F.A. Hayek). It is by far the best-written book by a high government official in many a year. In view of its relatively dry subject matter—New York's fiscal crisis, the origins of the Federal Energy Administration, etc.—this is a remarkable achievement. The book reads as though it were somehow ripped from the typewriter in one vigorous sweep of passion. I particularly liked Simon's characterization of the liberal ideology: "a hash of statism, collectivism, egalitarianism, and anticapitalism, mixed with the desire for the *results* of capitalism. This murky conceptual mess renders even the most innately brilliant of men stupid." Simon then decides to go on the attack:

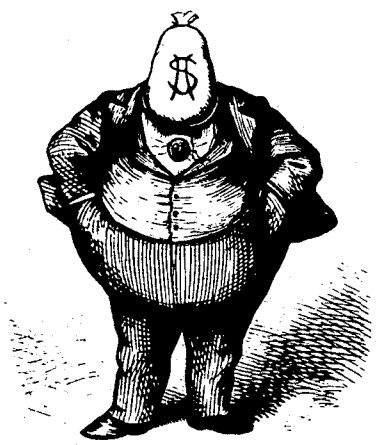
> And I would stress sharply that by stupidity I really mean stupidity. Too many Americans, particularly pro-free enterprise conservatives, have assumed immense intelligence in the liberal world and have concluded that when liberals destroyed U.S. production, they knew what they were doing—i.e., that they were guilty of a conspiracy. They are not conspirators; they are intellectual basket cases in the realm of basic economics. It takes an immense resistance to logic and fact not to know that one cannot simultaneously control prices, inflate costs, ban production, increase taxes, grant counterproductive subsidies—and expect healthy vigorous production as well. Amy Carter could understand perfectly well what was wrong with such a system if her father "regulated" her lemonade stand the way the liberals in Congress have regulated the energy industry. Unfortunately, her father, who made his money in a regulated, subsidized industry, does not understand it.

Simon's chapter on the New York "disaster in microcosm" should be required reading across the land. I can't resist another quotation, this one about the role of the press:

> I was constantly shocked by the lack of seriousness, by the lack of concern for fact, and, where I was personally concerned, by many journalists' failure to understand that I was not simply a malignant symbol to be hissed at in ritual hate, but a representative of a serious economic and constitutional position. The press hostility took different forms, of course, ranging from a conscious intent to damage me, through a kind of conventional parroting of liberal formulas of outrage, to sheer ignorance. The most shocking instance of conscious bias was that of Leonard Silk, a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times*.

Next, Martin Anderson's *Welfare* (Hoover Institution Press, $10.00). Once again, it is a pleasure to report that this book, covering such a broad and complex area of economic policy, is lucidly written —the more surprisingly, perhaps, since it emanates from the academy. Arthur Burns' deputy during the first Nixon term, Anderson writes interestingly of the problem that immediately confronts an incoming administration—the pressure to produce "programs" implementing campaign promises:

> When President Eisenhower left office, there were somewhere around 40 major domestic programs. When Nixon took office, there were over 400. Arthur Burns, I, and others on our staff soon discovered that while it was difficult to come up with a better program in any one of these areas, it was even more difficult to find out exactly what was going on in the existing programs. For example, if we had spent only one day on each major program, and worked Sundays and holidays, which we did, it would still have taken us well over a year to work our way through all the programs. But one day is not enough to grasp the full implications of any government program. For some, one month might be enough. Other problems, such as welfare reform and the ending of the draft, required many months and even years before those involved felt any degree of confidence in what they were doing....
>
> The result is that you must depend on the bureaucracy that is there when you arrive. The bureaucrats are always more than happy to oblige. When Nixon made clear his intent to push welfare reform, Moynihan was quickly provided with a detailed plan by fellow Democrats in the federal bureaucracy. The welfare reform plan that had been brusquely dismissed by President Johnson was hauled out and dusted off. The plan was rewritten, numbers were updated, and a few new ideas were added. It was then rechristened the Family Security System (later to be changed to the Family Assistance Plan).



That is as succinct a lesson in the ways of Washington as it would be possible to find. The Family Assistance Plan wouldn't work, Anderson and others eventually concluded, because such guaranteed-minimum-income programs substantially reduce the output of low-income workers and lead to an increase in family breakup. And then, of course, there is the cost. Anderson reports that Carter's Program for Better Jobs and Income (a doomed attempt to avoid the pejorative connotations of the word "welfare"), alleged to cost $2.8 billion more than current welfare programs, will in fact cost close to $20 billion more.

The good news is that Senator Russell Long ordered 40 copies of this sensible book and sent one to each member of the Senate Finance Committee and his staff assistant, with a covering note. And the good news about Simon's book is that it somehow made the *New York Times* best-seller list.

Finally, and perhaps most controversially, we have *The Way The World Works*, by Jude Wanniski (Basic Books, $12.95). This is a bold, original, occasionally eccentric survey, using the Laffer Curve to reinterpret history. There is almost nothing that the Curve won't explain:

> The infant learns, for example, something that politicians and economists frequently forget, which is that there are always two rates of taxation that produce the same revenue. When the infant lies silently and motionless in his crib upon awakening, mother remains in some other room. The "tax rate" on mother is zero, yielding zero attentiveness. On the other hand, when baby screams all the time demanding attention, even when fed and dry, he discovers that mother also remains in the other room, and perhaps even closes the nursery door. The tax rate is 100 percent, also yielding zero attentiveness.

Wanniski marshals an impressive amount of evidence pointing to the conclusion that tax cuts historically have stimulated the economy—an idea whose time has plainly come, and one whose truth does not depend on the reality of the Laffer Curve. Moreover, it has been forcibly put to the test in California, against the will of politicians. Let us hope that Wanniski's book will encourage politicians in Washington to try the same experiment voluntarily.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare's 25th anniversary "birthday party" perhaps deserved more publicity than it received. This extraordinary affair cost the taxpayers $15,000, paid out of the "Office of Public Affairs budget and contingency funds," according to a spokesman. Two *Washington Post* reporters who covered the event genially noted that "this is not bad for an organization whose annual budget allows it to spend an average of $500 million per day." In other words, according to my reckoning, the party consumed a mere two-and-a-half seconds' worth of HEW's budget.

"There was wall-to-wall music outside the Humphrey Building," the *Post* reporters wrote, "as well as a sort of 12-ring circus in the building's lobby, and a birthday party at midday with Big Bird leading

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the crowd (estimated at 600) in 'Happy Birthday, HEW, Happy Birthday To You.' "

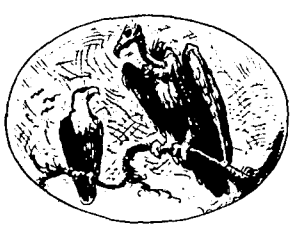
Congressmen and Senators responsible for funding HEW came down from the Hill and joined in the fun and games. Rep. David Obey of Wisconsin played the harmonica. Others, the saxophone, trumpet, and trombone. Secretary Califano spoke, noting proudly that HEW's budget had increased 26-fold in 25 years. Then he got down to the serious business of ensuring that there would be no let-up in this multiplication of spending money. He introduced the legislators to the assembled party-going HEW employees: "Senator Brooke—" (applause), "Senator Javits—" (applause), "Senator Randolph—" (applause). "Now," Califano continued, "I would like to ask Senator Magnuson, who chairs our Appropriations Committee in the Senate, and has worked hard to fund so many of these programs over so many years and who was here at the creation, if he would say a few words on behalf of the Senate." (Applause.)

"We started out very small," Senator Magnuson said. "But it's no wonder that you have the big complex organization you have now...because since the beginning tremendous responsibility has been placed on this Department, much of it from the courts of the United States and a lot of it from Congress....I asked the Secretary one time, when he first took office, how many people are employed in HEW. How many people are paid out of the federal till. Well, it was a little difficult to get that figure. Finally he came up with it. HEW now employs 1,144,000 people.* That's bigger than the Army, I think, or the Navy. But I'm not critical of it, and we in Congress are not critical of it, because we know that you have become the people's agency.... Now, it's nice of you to ask us here today, Mr. Secretary. I often thought that within any organization such as this that it's awfully nice to have your banker up for coffee and doughnuts once in a while."

The party lasted for two days. Weekdays. □

* This is not a misprint. Califano said in his speech: "In 1954 we were 35,000 federal employees. Today we are 145,000 federal employees and we pay the salaries of another 980,000 state, local and private employees. That growth, thrust upon us by the Congress and the American people, has created a more just and caring society." As far as I know, these figures have not appeared anywhere outside the *Congressional Record*, in which the "Proceedings of the Opening Ceremony and Presentation by the Honorable Joseph Califano" were published, with no sign of embarrassment, at the behest of Rep. John Brademas of Indiana—another lawmaker who both initiates and subsequently benefits in his district from HEW appropriations.

THE NATION'S PULSE
by
Peter J. Rusthoven



Bakke: America's Oldest Medical Student

With periodic exceptions (most notably the crusading impulses too often indulged during the era of Chief Justice Earl Warren), the Supreme Court has usually approached with marked reluctance issues that are the focus of sharp and emotion-laden controversy in the body politic. In any matter of import, there is danger that too swift and too certain an adjudication will decide for all time—and perhaps wrongly—an issue whose final resolution is better left for another day. When a case also involves a widespread and potentially divisive conflict in the population at large, there is further danger that any decision by the Court will be perceived as result-oriented and political rather than as a principled judgment. Often, therefore, the Supreme Court's hesitancy when faced with such issues is to be commended: It reflects less a shirking of the Court's constitutional responsibility as the arbiter of last resort than a recognition of the heavy burdens that responsibility entails. At times, however, the Court's reluctance squarely to confront an extraordinarily controversial case produces a confusing and somewhat expedient decision which straddles the critical issue involved, when a forthright and straightforward resolution would have been more appropriate. This June's decision in *Regents of the University of California v. Bakke*—which involved the legality of so-called "reverse" racial discrimination—is an unfortunate example.

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The question whether preferences based on race may legally be given to members of minority groups, so long as the purposes be "benign," had first reached the Court in 1974 in *DeFunis v. Odegaard*. In that case, the Supreme Court was able to avoid a decision on the merits: Since one of the lower courts had ordered that DeFunis be admitted to the University of Washington law school, and since he was in his last semester and about to graduate by the time the case had been briefed and argued in the Supreme Court, the Court held that the case was moot and refused to issue a substantive ruling on the legality of reverse discrimination.

This year, in the *Bakke* case, no such easy out was available. In a curious decision reached by overlapping majorities, the Supreme Court held that rigid numerical quotas such as those used by the medical school at the University of California at Davis were impermissible, but that some form of special consideration to minorities based on race was permissible.

Though the different opinions issued by various members of the Court are both lengthy and complex, the essential viewpoints expressed are fairly easily described. Four Justices—Brennan, White, Marshall, and Blackmun—concluded that quotas and less direct expressions of preference for minorities based on race were perfectly permissible, under both the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the Constitution. As stated in the critical paragraph of their

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joint opinion, "a state government may adopt race-conscious programs if the purpose of such programs is to remove the disparate racial impact its actions might otherwise have and if there is reason to believe that the disparate impact is itself the product of past discrimination, whether its own or that of society at large."

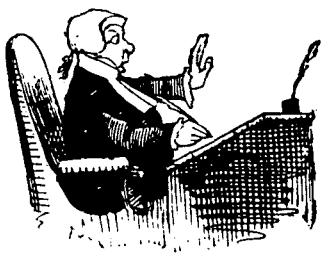
Justice Stevens, joined by Chief Justice Burger and Justices Stewart and Rehnquist, took a sharply different tack. Believing that the case could be decided under the 1964 Civil Rights Act's prohibition of race discrimination by institutions receiving federal funds, they declined to address the constitutional issue. The question to them was straightforward. The statutory language provided that "no person in the United States shall, on the grounds of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance." In this case, California-Davis, "through its special admissions policy, excluded Bakke from participation in its program of medical education because of his race." Therefore, under "the plain language of the statute," the admissions program was, in their view, unlawful.

With his eight fellow Justices evenly divided, Justice Powell's opinion proved decisive. In his view, the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the Equal Protection Clause were inextricably linked. Although he emphasized that any race discrimination was inherently suspect under the Constitution, alone among the Justices he noted a countervailing constitutional issue—academic freedom, which he described as being among the concerns of the First Amendment. While he expressly rejected the argument that racial preferences for minorities were permissible simply due to past discrimination, he believed such preferences could be used to further the university's interest in having a "diverse" student body. Rigid quotas, however, were unnecessary to achieve this goal, and therefore unjustified, particularly since they absolutely excluded non-minority applicants such as Mr. Bakke from consideration for a defined number of slots. But some consideration of race, as one factor among others, was permissible for the purpose of encouraging diversity.

This unusual mix of opinions yielded a curious result unsupported by any consistent or cohesive rationale. Since the Stevens group of Justices believed that the California-Davis system was simply illegal under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and refused to address the broader constitutional issue, they joined with Justice Powell to make a majority of five in holding that rigid numerical quotas were impermissible. However, since the Brennan group of Justices believed that both quotas and other forms of affirmative action were justifiable, they joined with Justice Powell to make a different majority of five which condoned some consideration of race in the admissions process. As a consequence, the future impact of the *Bakke* case—particularly, perhaps, in situations which do not involve the issues of academic freedom that Justice Powell found so important—is extremely unclear.

Uncertainty of this sort, though hardly unprecedented in the annals of the Court, is of course one unfortunate aspect of the *Bakke* decision. But far more disturbing is the Court's failure straightforwardly to confront and resolve the truly critical question presented by the case. While one may sympathize, as noted earlier, with the Justices' reluctance when confronted with the emotional and divisive controversy of reverse discrimination, the fundamental issue of principle implicated by that controversy is one which deserved to be addressed.

Though their argument is a faulty one, Justices Brennan, White, Marshall, and Blackmun at least stated unequivocally the basic argument for reverse discrimination.



Their statement quoted above, linking "disparate racial impact" with "past discrimination," is the nub of the contention. The key lies in the phrase "disparate racial impact," which makes the numerical racial breakdown resulting from a particular state action the critical initial inquiry. If the numbers do not conform to a specific set of expectations as to what a "good" or "proper" racial breakdown would be, one moves to the second question, which is whether there is "reason to believe that the disparate impact is itself the product of past discrimination." In fact, however, the second inquiry does not amount to much, since it is an article of faith among proponents of reverse discrimination that so-called "disparate racial impact" can only —or perhaps more accurately, *may* only— be explained as a result of "past discrimination." In practice, therefore, the only showing needed to justify reverse discrimination under this school of thought involves whether the numbers come out right. The "principle," if indeed it can be described as one, is equality of result, not equality of opportunity. In the words of Justice Marshall's individual opinion, the contrary position would substitute "abstract equality" for "genuine equality."

This philosophy, which lies at the heart of the entire push for affirmative action, is precisely what should have been rejected by the Court. Quite simply, what Justice Marshall lightly dismisses as "abstract equality" is in fact the distinguishing feature of the secular morality upon which this nation was founded. "Abstract equality" —equality of opportunity among free and responsible individuals—is just what the Framers of our Constitution were at pains to preserve. So-called "genuine equality"—a neologism designed to make more palatable the philosophy that everyone should be substantively equal in wealth, prestige, or what have you—was the farthest thing from the Framers' mind. It is, if anything, a feature of systems which are the antithesis of one rooted in concepts of individual freedom and responsibility.

Justice Powell, in the course of reaching his curious and somewhat murky compromise, cites two quotations which should have brought this point home to the Court. The first, from the late Alexander M. Bickel's extraordinarily perceptive work, *The Morality of Consent*, aptly captures the fundamental inconsistency of the argument advanced by proponents of reverse discrimination:

> The lesson of great decisions of the Supreme Court and the lesson of contemporary history have been the same for at least a generation: discrimination on the basis of race is illegal, immoral, unconstitutional, inherently wrong, and destructive of democratic society. Now this is to be unlearned and we are told that this is not a matter of fundamental principle but only a matter of whose ox is gored. Those for whom racial equality was demanded are to be more equal than others. Having found support in the Constitution for equality, they now claim support for inequality under the same Constitution.

Ironically, the second quotation cited by Justice Powell comes from the writings of Archibald Cox, who argued the case for affirmative action in *Bakke*. In *The Role of the Supreme Court in American Government*, published in 1976, Cox notes that the Court's role in constitutional cases is to discern "principles sufficiently absolute to give them roots throughout the community and continuity over significant periods of time, and to lift them above the level of pragmatic political judgments of a particular time and place."

In our constitutional moral order, there are few principles which have deeper roots throughout the community, or greater continuity over significant periods of time, than the belief in freedom of opportunity for individuals, irrespective of race or background. In our particular time and place, the painful legacies of slavery and discrimination against blacks unquestionably provide considerable pressure in favor of a pragmatic political judgment which would endorse some form of reverse discrimination. By Professor Cox's own well-stated formula, however, the former should have prevailed more decisively over the latter in *Bakke*. □

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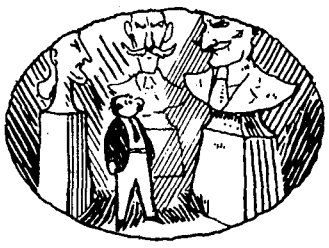
EMINENTOES
by
Joe Mysak



Truman Capote: Adonis from Monroeville

Of all the literary swindlers to appear on the American scene, there is hardly a match for Truman Capote. Such was not always the case—in fact, most readers had been expecting some kind of masterful novel from the author for quite some time. Instead, with *Esquire*'s publication of excerpts from his *roman à clef*, entitled *Answered Prayers*, we find that Capote has descended into the maelstrom of self-consuming gossip columnists and joined the freaks of literary interbreeding. Revolting, super-hyped trash—and the faithful throw up their hands in despair. Where did he go wrong?

Begin with a bit of biography. Truman Streckfus Persons was born on September 30, 1924 in New Orleans. When he was four years old, his parents were divorced and, because his mother was an alcoholic Southern belle, he was raised by relatives in Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. When his mother later remarried, he was adopted by his stepfather, a Spanish-Cuban textile manufacturer named Joseph Garcia Capote: hence, Truman Capote.

From ages four to ten he grew up in a household of four elderly, unmarried cousins, in Monroeville, Alabama. In *To Kill a Mockingbird*, the 1960 Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Nelle Harper Lee, there is a portrait of the boy Capote whom she knew when he lived in Monroeville. Capote admits that the picture is accurate. In the novel, he is Charles Baker Harris, nicknamed "Dill," a runty, towheaded boy who "gets passed around from relative to relative." Dill "preferred the magic of his own inventions....Beautiful things floated in his dreamy head....we came to know [him] as a pocket Merlin, whose head teemed with eccentric plans, strange longings, and quaint fancies."

Dill is a romantic, willing to embellish, create, and fictionalize: He is a good liar. Capote was such a dreamy child. Of this period in his life he has said that "growing up in some place like Monroeville...produced a strange loneliness which added to sensibility, and seemed to increase creativity. The geographic isolation tends to sharpen talent." Capote claims to have been the smartest child in the United States, with an IQ of 215. But he did poorly in school.

From this unusual childhood came a Southern gothic first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948). The book's young hero, Joel Knox, searches for his father (who turns out to be a paralytic invalid), befriends twin sisters (the tomboyish half is a portrait of Harper Lee), and ultimately surrenders to the homosexuality of his cousin Randolph, a velvet-swathed aesthete, the image of Oscar Wilde. The novel contains much rich, if at times cloying, description—Capote's stylistic conceit. In the March 1948 *Atlantic*, C.J. Rolo called *Other Voices, Other Rooms* "brilliant," but as a novel "a half failure: too formless and too choked with gaudy blossoms." Perhaps J.E. Cross, in the December 1947 *Library Journal*, summed it up best: "Much lush writing, frequently taking off into illusory fancies of sick brains, yet withal picturesque. Not recommended for libraries."

Similarly "dark" fiction appeared in Capote's 1949 collection, *A Tree of Night and Other Stories*. Five of the eight stories are in the gothic vein. In scenes of sick and lonely hopelessness, the characters are trapped and terrified, and usually meet their doubles. The world they inhabit is grim, ghostly, and peopled with "wizard men." Hauntings, the selling of dreams to mysterious psychiatrists, strange visions: all were Capote's stock in trade as a nascent Southern surrealist.

Three stories in the collection, however, had nothing to do with the dark fantasy of the five gothic tales. Markedly different, they are told in a first-person, humorously quaint Southern voice. While the dark stories may be described by critics as "serious" and "important" for "lighting up the inner psychological terrain," these "lighter" stories ("Jug of Silver," "Children on Their Birthdays," and "My Side of the Matter") show a very different, more appealing Capote. The narrator in them is ironic, yet sincere, satirizing himself as much as the South. Here we have Capote writing stylish, autobiographical fiction of a swift, sustained, and controlled variety, the kind of work that culminated in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

In *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958), Capote treats the rise of a young woman into society. Holly Golightly is a heller, like the tomboy in *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. She is worldly, where the narrator is green; she is reckless and daring, where he is cautious and detached—in short, she possesses the Gatsbyesque spark, that "heightened sensitivity to the promises of life." Back and forth the story plays on both characters—the young author and Holly Golightly, trading philosophies of life, theories of phoniness and ego, the wish to belong, and the craving to be "on the inside." Filled with memorable characters, seemingly assembled from Damon Runyon and Joseph Mitchell stories, and set in a locale as finely drawn as that of his Southern stories—a Manhattan brownstone and neighborhood saloon—*Breakfast at Tiffany's* is Capote's best piece of fiction.

At about this time Capote tried his hand at writing nonfiction with several small pieces of journalism. The result: *Local Color* (1950), a slim book of travel sketches; *The Muses are Heard* (1956), his description of a Porgy and Bess troupe in Russia; and a set of extended captions for Richard Avedon's volume of photographs, *Observations*. All of these were witty and confident, comfortably couched in Capote's rich style. Deft performances indeed, the kind of personal journalism typical of authors between books. Capote called these pieces "creative reportage," sold them to the *New Yorker*, and nobody minded.

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The climax of this journalistic development was *In Cold Blood*, the story of a gratuitous mass murder in a rural Kansas community. *In Cold Blood* was spectacularly successful, heralding the era of what Capote termed his "new art form," the "nonfiction novel." With its publication in 1966, Truman Capote went from promising fiction writer to the unbearable super-celeb we have today. It was the event of Capote's career, resulting in complete Capotemania.

Unfortunately, *In Cold Blood* is something less than a masterpiece. It seems to follow the design of New Journalism as chronicled by the master of the form, Tom Wolfe: scene by scene construction, revealing dialogue, third-person point of view, and the recording of status details. Indeed, Wolfe welcomed Capote into the fold, hailing the success of *In Cold Blood* as a success for New Journalism. But Capote's reportage differs from Wolfe's journalism because *In Cold Blood* leans very heavily on the author's fictional presence as interpreter of reality. As a result, the book is not completely true in every word and detail, despite Capote's assertions to the contrary. For Capote, of course, the difference was one of technique rather than essence: "It's useless for a writer whose talent is essentially journalistic to attempt creative reportage because it simply won't work....to be a good creative reporter, you have to be a very good fiction writer."

A few reviewers did catch on to this "creative" reportage. Sol Yurick, in a review in the *Nation*, called Capote's work a "Sob-Sister Gothic." Yurick detected the worst aspects of newspaper sensationalism in Capote's thriller, noting that each section of the "nonfiction novel" required a "doom-note hooker." He went on to accuse Capote of using what amounted to a "crescendo of tear-jerking effects." The book was "melodramatic" with "emotional amplifications"; the author's journalistic use of detail piled upon detail was fixed: "each item acquires enormous pathos and drips sentimentality." Instead of portraying the killers as they really were, Capote makes them insane: "before we kill them we make sure they negate themselves by turning into literate, psychopathic heroes." In sum: "the poverty of Capote's 'new' art form is appalling, the shallowness stupefying."

Phillip K. Tompkins was no less perceptive. He wrote in *Esquire* that Capote had distorted the journalistic facts with his own vision of the world. He had turned the obscene, semi-literate, cold-blooded killers into heroic, poetic rogues. "In his vision of the world, Capote found it difficult, if not impossible, to understand how a man could kill, and do so without feeling. He could understand, however, that an outcast and accursed poet might kill while under a 'mental eclipse,' while deep inside a 'schizophrenic darkness"—a 'brain explosion' if you will—and thus avenge the wrongs 'they' had done him." In other words, Capote had sacrificed morals to psychiatry.

In Cold Blood was very good fiction, then, very artistic; but it was not journalism, which rarely sells as well as *In Cold Blood*. The book went spinning up the best-seller lists, garnering at least 150 major reviews and author interviews. A critical handbook was even published. It all meant one thing: cashing in on the Big Time for Capote. Ever since *In Cold Blood* we have been graced, or cursed, with Capote's jolly public personality. Truman Everywhere.

Not enough that he turned into a Jet Set star with his Black and White Ball at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel—no, Capote became an "authority" on capital punishment. Not enough that Capote's fat, cherubic features blossomed from newspapers, magazines, and gossip sheets, or that his wavering, lispy voice constantly hinted at what his next book would be, and what his friends and enemies were doing—no, Capote was everywhere proclaiming the faults of our society, and spreading the folly of *In Cold Blood*.

Even after the furor over *In Cold Blood*

died down, Capote remained ubiquitous. In addition to a bit of movie scriptwriting and adaptations of his own works, Capote himself took up acting. For one so good at marketing his own virtues, he proved only a fair actor in *Murder by Death*, a Neil Simon mystery spoof. He played what seemed a natural role: a Truman Capote character, only incidentally a fiend. It was all the rage in the press to report that the only reason Capote took up acting was to make his favorite enemies, Gore Vidal and, well, you know, Tennessee Williams, jealous.

A spate of Capote items in gossip columns: a slip in the shower or beaten up by nasties? TRUMAN CAPOTE HAS BLACK EYE, SWOLLEN LIP. Capote robbed of his black leather handbag, containing money, paperweights, camera, and —what *will* we do?—telephone book. Beautiful People changing phone numbers at a furious rate. TRUMAN CAPOTE ARRESTED FOR DRUNK DRIVING. It certainly isn't easy being Truman Capote, or a gossip columnist. The scandal hacks need at least a weekly item on Capote. He's a real character with a lot of color, in the public eye. Like a splinter.

Just months ago, Capote was to give a lecture at Towson State University, near Baltimore. According to the *New York Times*, he "had to be ushered off stage shortly after he began a lecture before 1,200 students. 'He was overcome by alcohol,' said Robert Roll, the university's director of news and publications. Witnesses said that as Mr. Capote approached the stage he tripped and fell and that the audience, believing it was part of his act, laughed. Capote then made some obscene remarks and said 'I'm going to read you something I like and if you don't like it, the hell with you.' " As he was being carted off the stage, Capote confessed that he was "not just a fake, phony alcoholic—I'm a real alcoholic." Thus he denied the faithful in the audience a chance at getting their copies of *In Cold Blood* and *Esquire* autographed. Never fear. Suzy of "Suzy Says" assures us that Capote is successfully dried out now, after a vacation in the Caribbean which has left him "sleek and golden brown."

Such behavior is bad enough, but his latest writing is even worse. If being Truman Capote is cheek, then writing about it is gall. With *Answered Prayers*, as with all Creations By Capote, there was fanfare at the start. "Mojave," a short story contained within the still uncompleted novel, appeared in an issue of *Esquire*, beginning on the cover in large type. Then, in November 1975, "La Côte Basque 1965" was published, and the proverbial fur flew. Liz Smith, perhaps the most gossipy of gossip columnists, wrote a special article for *New York* magazine detailing the reaction of the Jet Set to Capote's *roman à clef*. Of course, *New York* was the perfect place for the story, as it is required reading of all New York intellectualoids. It specializes in stories the composite of which would be "I Was Psychoanalyzed in Bloomingdale's With the Following Celebrities!" Liz Smith's article, "Truman Capote in Hot Water," revealed how Capote's special friends and enemies were mad, wild with outrage. You see, "La Côte Basque 1965" is just chock-full of thinly veiled socialites (the very rich and other obscenities) and deals with who did what to whom, when, where, and why—or something like that.

Judging from the excerpts in *Esquire*, *Answered Prayers* seems to be at best the autobiographical novel of a very literary sexual deviate, a writer/call boy. Nevertheless, the late Arnold Gingrich, founder and editor of *Esquire*, claimed that it was "the work of a serious and gifted writer, consciously purposive, who knows both what he's doing and where he's going." Gingrich usually knew better. Capote claims that all his life with the Jet Set has provided him with the material for his masterpiece, and he tries to immortalize his book by saying that all great literature is gossip. Sorry, but *Answered Prayers* is no *Vanity Fair*.

In the August 1976 *Esquire*, John

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Leonard concluded an article on gossip in writing with the suggestion that people in the media, like Capote, profit from a self-serving class system: "They talk and write about themselves and each other on their television programs and in their newspapers and magazines and books. They define themselves as celebrities of the new society, and we believe that they are because we believe that celebrities are people who are talked about on television programs and written about in newspapers and magazines and books."

Which is why, for approximately the last decade, Capote has become such a winner and sinner. He has chosen to whoop it up with his own not very smart set. He is no longer even worth the energy of reaction. The strange boy of literature is a crashing bore, trading on name only. Truman Capote? Yawn. □

BOOK REVIEW

Mencken: A Study of His Thought

Charles A. Fecher / Knopf / $15.00

William H. Nolte

This will never do. Everything, indeed, is wrong with it. The very title is misleading since Fecher does not give us a *study* of Mencken's thought, nor, for that matter, does he place him in any kind of historical context, nor does he show us what constituted Mencken's greatness or caused his renown or notoriety, nor does he even show us accurately what Mencken thought. He tells us a lot about Mencken, but he shows us next to nothing. He neither criticizes nor explains; he simply records... and records...and records. To be sure, he looks at the Sage from every angle, both as man and as writer, but he never looks beneath the surface of his personality or his thought. After reading this long and laborious labor of love, I know nothing that I didn't know before. Fecher's portrait is two-dimensional at best and hence will mislead those who know Mencken only as a "literary figure" of the past. Only intermittently did I get a glimpse of the Mencken I have been reading, and reading about, for nearly thirty years.

In his surface inspection of the various aspects of Mencken's thought, Fecher contents himself in the main with paraphrase, which, though useful and even necessary to a point, becomes tedious, causing the reader to grumble and shuffle his feet. Besides, paraphrase sacrifices the connotative meaning of language. Try it on any poem worth reading and see what you get. Try it on Mencken and you will almost invariably get a false impression since the style was so much the man as to be substantive; it is simply impossible to separate what he said from how he said it—as Fecher admits in his chapter on "The Style" when he says that "in the final analysis it cannot be described—it has to be experienced."

In his introduction, Fecher remarks Mencken's immense impact on his time and, indirectly, on the present: "It is...the thesis of this book that Mencken's influence was all to the good—that the things he attacked deserved to be attacked, and that America is a cleaner, saner, more healthy place today because he attacked and disposed of them." No one, I daresay, would argue with the first part of that assessment though it leaves out of account an immense amount of his work: the language studies, much of the literary criticism and daily journalism, the *Days* books, etc. But I have difficulty in believing that America is saner and more healthy than it was before. Richer, certainly. And also more decadent (in the Spenglerian sense) and much more powerful. But I would hesitate to argue that wealth, decadence, and power are in themselves virtues. Fecher also makes a few comments about trying to discover whether Mencken's ideas were true or not, a hopeless task which, needless to say, he never seriously attempts to perform. One may as well try to discover "truth" in vital force, or in a storm that blows down the houses on the seashore, or in a bell that wakes us in the morning.

If he never answers his question about truth, Fecher does finally conclude that Mencken's thought was "seldom original and never profound," a judgment that is both true and false—and in large part beside the point. Original? As Solomon told us three thousand years ago, there is nothing new under the sun. There are only new recipes for the boiling of old bones; new ways of looking at the truths, which are unchanging, and the many falsehoods, which we all adore and which we abandon only when they become sources of public embarrassment. If Mencken's ideas were not original, if they were borrowed from other writers (Nietzsche, T.H. Huxley, Darwin, Adam Smith, Aristotle, or whomever), he was nonetheless an "original"—in a class by himself. As for his profundity, or lack of it, he was in no way a profound thinker, not in the sense, anyway, that a Kant or a Hegel was profound; rather he was a profound artist in the same way that Swift and Voltaire and Mark Twain were profound.

Above all, an artist. He made us see and feel and know things that we had not seen, felt, or known before he came along. In all his work, whether in his American language studies, his book criticism, his writings on politics and government, his *Days* books, his studies of religion (*Treatise on the Gods* was his favorite of his books) and ethics (*Treatise on Right and Wrong*), the essays on women and the little volume *In Defense of Women* (a marvelous antidote to the tosh currently being spewed forth on that lovely and enigmatic subject), and the daily journalism—in all that stupendous body of work there is instruction for the sober searcher and entertainment for the heavy laden.

I said earlier that there were inaccuracies in this account. One example should suffice. In the chapter on "The Critic," certainly the weakest in the book, Fecher writes that Mencken "could not understand Faulkner; there was no more sense in him, he complained, than in 'the wop boob, Dante,' and he had not the slightest concept of sentence structure and paragraphing." And where did Fecher get this? From Charles Angoff, the Prince of Liars! Since he knows Angoff to be a liar, a man who wouldn't tell the truth under torture, why didn't he take the trouble to find out what Mencken thought of Faulkner? A little research would have revealed that Mencken admired the novelist very much, as the letters in the New York Public Library (which were used for an article on Mencken and Faulkner that appeared in the January 1972 issue of *American Literature*) and Joseph Blotner's enormous biography of Faulkner readily prove. As for the remark about Dante, Mencken was not above saying such things, particularly to so humorless a soul as Angoff, who must have been a constant delight to him. But there is no way of knowing what he said to Angoff. To find out, one may as well ask the nearest lamp post. There are a few other such howlers in the book, but let them go. Having survived his enemies, Mencken just might survive his friends.

In their reviews of this book, which they quickly shunt aside to make room for com-

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ments on its subject, two or three critics have described Mencken as rather an anachronism, a leftover ghost from an earlier and more innocent age; myopic critics always think the present more dense and difficult than the past. One critic (in the *Nation*) even went so far as to discover in Mencken's severe code of honor and decency the residue of Victorianism! Since the "defenders of decency" fifty years ago attacked Mencken for undermining morals and flouting custom, it is a bit ironic to see him linked today with his former foes. In his review in the *Atlantic*, Benjamin DeMott comes riding to the rescue of America, democracy, and the demos (strangely, he says nothing about Mom and Apple Pie). The true inheritors of Mencken's mantle, we are told in all seriousness, are probably "to be found in the new race of ego- and self-developers, fans of pop psychological manuals that teach people how to despise everybody except Number One." In a high sweat of moral indignation, DeMott credits Mencken with being the forefather of "Robert Ringer and the gospel of Enlightened Selfishness." If, after reading Mencken, you can believe that you would be well advised to visit your favorite physician and have him ask you a few simple questions: You may be farther gone than even your wife (or husband, as the case may be) thinks.

DeMott also discovered damning evidence of racism and indifference to the great masses of men—those whom Mencken referred to as "the vast herd of human blanks," "the lower orders," "the booboisie," etc. The racist charge has been made before and then been refuted, and it will be made again, only to be refuted again. Certainly the charge is absurd—unless by the term "racist" one means to include everyone who ever distinguished between one race or nationality and another, which is to say everyone who is reasonably sentient or cognizant of the visible world. If Mencken was anti-Negro, for example, then why would he have published so many black authors in the *American Mercury*? More specifically, why would he have asked George Schuyler for "an article showing how whites look to an intelligent Negro" and then published "Our White Folks" as the leading article in the December 1927 issue of the *Mercury*? After reading the article some would no doubt insist that he did so because he was anti-white, which would in turn provide additional proof that Mencken was right when he said that there lurked in our midst a goodly number of idiots. While there is no doubt that Mencken was an elitist (another dirty word in the lexicon of uplifters and snufflers before the Bar of Human Equality), he constantly went out of his way to help others and was a model of generosity and kindness in his private life. We have nothing to fear from the elitists or from the mockers of *Homo sapiens*; the real enemies of mankind are those who constantly express an abstract

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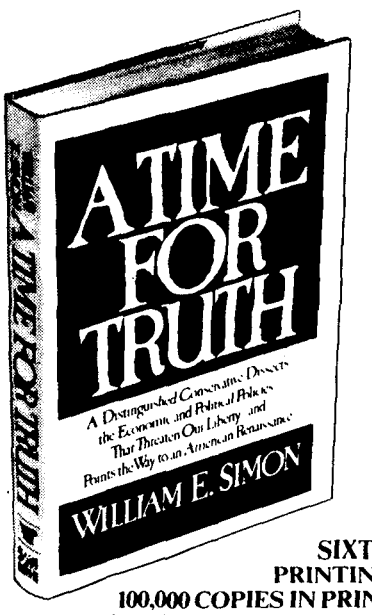
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love for humanity, but have little affection for Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Nor should we forget that Mencken defended minority views (many of them abhorrent to his person) as well as minorities long before the espousal of civil liberty became a means of self-aggrandizement. Like most satirists, he was deeply concerned with the commonweal, and he fought all his life to protect what he called "the two greatest intellectual possessions of modern man"—to wit, "the idea of personal freedom and the idea of the limitation of government." Without one, the other was impossible. And no one saw more clearly than he that the vast majority of his fellows had little if any interest in either idea.

Though an obvious admirer of Mencken, Fecher is probably too good an American to have served his subject well. Reading Mencken certainly won't make you a better American—indeed, it may well make you a much worse one—but it will make you a better human since his values are honesty, decency, and, above all else, courage to oppose what Francis Bacon called the gods of the marketplace; and those gods change very little from one generation to the next. □

BOOK REVIEW

Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence
Garry Wills / Doubleday / $10.00

Richard Brookhiser

Garry Wills has probably always been most comfortable in the past. I first heard some of the ideas that found their way into *Inventing America* in the course of a Jefferson seminar Wills taught my freshman year at Yale; I also heard an account of Wills' first meeting with William F. Buckley, Jr. Wills, 23, was on the threshold of a ten-year association with *National Review*. At some point in their talk, Buckley asked Wills whether he was a conservative. "I'm a Distributist," Wills replied, "is that conservative?" Buckley considered—"Hugh Kenner tells me it's not" —but hired him anyway.

The past Wills inhabits in this book is the 18th-century world of the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration—originally a propaganda piece whose drafting the powerhouses of the Second Continental Congress ceded to a young Virginia stand-in for Peyton Randolph, while they pursued more urgent matters—has since become a totem, potent and meaningless. Liberals, Wills argues, construe the preamble—"the pursuit of happiness"—as a mandate for big government; while anti-Communists put the myth of America's special mission, of which the Declaration has become the seminal symbol, to even more heinous uses—"napalm and saturation bombing...or a Chile putsch." *Inventing America* seeks to recover the Declaration's original meaning, and to disarm the intellectual imperialists who have annexed it.

Whatever one thinks of Wills' purpose, one must admire his performance of the task. Wills' examinations of 18th-century thought and feeling have been painstaking, even painful (he has studied the paintings of Jean-Baptiste Greuze), and he catches less meticulous scholars in embarrassing postures. Wills perhaps has most fun with careless psychohistorians. Fawn Brodie, counting eight uses of the word "mulatto" in a twenty-five-page description of a tour through Holland, concludes that Jefferson was already in emotional travail over his quadroon slave, Sally Hemmings. But, Wills points out, in each case "mulatto" is a technical term for the classification of soil colors—one of a set of eight which Jefferson used on all his travels—and if it appears more frequently in the Holland journal than in, say, the French, that is because the soils of the two countries are different. "On the Holland tour, he used the word red only seven times in seven weeks; but in France he used it thirty-eight times in nine weeks. Does that mean he was entertaining incestuous anticipations of the arrival of his red-haired daughter?" Erik Erikson gets equally low marks. In *Dimensions of a New Identity*, Erikson huffs and puffs over a description of the Natural Bridge in Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia*: "note, if you please...the juxtaposition of height and downfall, of sublime emotions—and the violent pain in the head." With a little less psycho, and a little more history, Erikson might have realized that all these elements were conventions of 18th-century descriptions of the "sublime"; to clinch the point, Wills quotes the Marquis de Chastellux, visiting the same spot, with the same reactions.

Wills has harder work attacking some older notions: that Jefferson was either an idealist (vague/visionary—pick one), or a disciple of Locke. The author of the Declaration, Wills maintains, was a scientific man who framed his document with a scientist's precision; while his chief intellectual creditor was not Locke, but the Scottish Enlightenment: Hume, Smith, and Francis Hutcheson.

In documenting Jefferson's scientism, Wills exposes a number of foibles which latter-day Jeffersonians have preferred to hush up. Jefferson's famous comment on Shay's insurrection—"God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion"—strikes most modern admirers as a fine burst of anarchist sentiment. The number twenty, however, was not lightly chosen. Jefferson had deduced it from an analysis of French actuarial tables. At any point in time, Jefferson decided, half the people over age twenty-one (the age of legal majority) could expect to be dead "in 18. years 8. months, or say 19. years at the nearest integral number....Every constitution then, and every law, naturally expires at the end of 19 years. If it be enforced longer, it is an act of force, and not of right." If anything, Jefferson's rounding of nineteen to twenty was uncharacteristically loose.

The first draft of the Declaration expounded an equally eccentric theory. That Britain's rule was oppressive and unjust, and that the colonies had therefore the right to throw it off, were commonplaces of the revolutionary party. Jefferson added a further refinement: that the colonies had *put themselves* under British rule in the first place. Indeed, Americans were not "colonists" at all, but "emigrants." "Our ancestors," he declared in 1774, "before their emigration to America...possessed a right, which nature has given to all men... of going in quest of new habitations, and of there establishing new societies....Settlement having been thus effected in the wilds of America, the emigrants thought proper to adopt that system of laws, under which they had hitherto lived." In the Declaration, this came out: "We have reminded [our British brethren] of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here...that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king." Jefferson's fellow delegates were not persuaded, however, and in the final version the argument was cut—a bit of editorial license which Jefferson never forgave, and which he tried to emend by mailing copies of the first draft to his friends.

Wills explains the emigration theory with the help of his second point—that

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Jefferson was no Lockean. Locke's greatest hit in the eighteenth century was not the *Two Treatises* anyway, but the *Essay concerning Humane Understanding* (Wills digs up library figures to prove it); and Jefferson did not own a copy of the *Treatises* after 1815, perhaps even after 1770. More important, Wills reexamines Jefferson's work, where he finds little Locke, but generous helpings of Scottish Enlightenment. Following Hobbes, Locke maintained that men draw together into societies out of self-interest, to escape the risks and burdens of the state of nature. The Scots supplemented self-interest with a "moral sense"—a *dis*interested pleasure in observing and performing benevolent actions. "Moral goodness," wrote Francis Hutcheson in 1725, "procures approbation and love toward the actor from those who receive no advantage by the action." Hume (in 1740) put it more strongly: "The approbation of moral qualities most certainly is not derived from reason, or any comparison of ideas; but proceeds entirely from a moral taste." From this, it is but a step to Jefferson: "He who made us would have been a pitiful bungler, if he had made the rules of our moral conduct a matter of science....Man was destined for society. His morality, therefore, was to be formed to this object....The moral sense, or conscience, is as much a part of man as his leg or arm." The importance of the emigration theory to the original draft of the Declaration now becomes clearer. The Americans severed all ties to England by emigrating, but restored them out of brotherly feeling—"adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity...." Yet British tyranny destroyed this amity; and so America was obliged to go its separate way. "These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce for ever these unfeeling brethren." The Revolution, in Jefferson's view, was a consequence of abused sentiments, not broken contracts.

Wills explores a dozen other matters with like precision—how the Fourth became a holiday, though nothing was signed on it; why Jefferson opposed both slavery and individual manumission. Indeed, so thorough is his acquaintance with the eighteenth century, one hopes he will soon visit the twentieth.

For Wills has been suffering from a case of ideological chorea for ten years now, the symptoms of which include praising Lillian Hellman, excoriating smokers, and scoffing at any thought of a Soviet threat (except to the blue whale). Wills' condition is well known (he advertises it in a copious journalistic output); I mention it here only because *Inventing America* recalls to mind a particularly choice instance, and one in which I happen to have been marginally involved.

In the fall of 1973, the Yale Political Union invited William Shockley, inventor of the transistor and bizarro geneticist, to expound his views (other guests over the last five years have included members of the Spanish Communist Party and the PLO). Shockley, as everyone outside of Bhutan that season knew, believed that blacks were genetically less intelligent than whites, and that the government might be advised to consider eugenic measures. Incensed, the liberal members of the Union called for a referendum, and the Shockley invitation was rescinded. Yale's usually comatose YAF chapter then invited Shockley to a debate with publisher and columnist William Rusher, in order to establish two facts: 1) that private campus groups have a right to be addressed by whomever they choose; and 2) that Shockleyism is best refuted by conservatives. Shockley's "results," Rusher argued, were irrelevant; the state (or anyone else, for that matter) had no right to arrogate control over human lives. Campus tension built until the two opponents met in April, when a chanting, heckling mob shouted them down.

Wills wrote two syndicated columns on the subject. "The more respectable Right Wingers," he explained,

> assure us they do not agree with Dr. Shockley—they just (shades of Voltaire) agree with his right to express his own views. They must pardon us if we doubt their total indifference to what Shockley is saying....
>
> The university is not perfectly "value free" as some liberal theorists claim. Those universities in Germany that tolerated anti-Semitic

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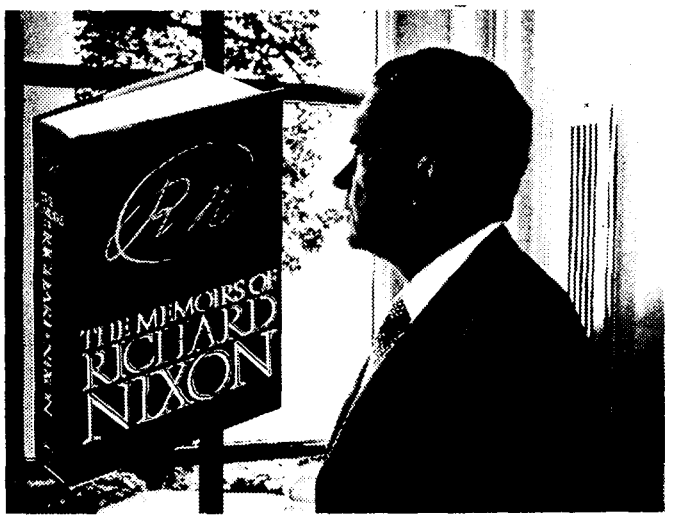

Richard Nixon: He writes in a voice that "continues to hypnotize"

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teaching were not living up to some ideal of Socratic self-evaluation, but down to the lowest common denominator of that era's politics. Under cover of free scrutiny, they helped pave the way to a slaughter of Jews by the millions.

Then came the Yale contretemps.

Since YAF is a Right-wing organization, you might think it was sponsoring Shockley's views; but no, it claimed to be exposing him to the withering confutations of the Right....Somehow, that offer did not quite grab the Yalies where they live. When the debate was announced, people dissolved into laughter at the billing of racist Shockley as the liberal, to be debated by the conservative Rusher. [YAF indeed contended that Shockley, as a social engineer, was most accurately described as a liberal.] If you liked semi-fascism, you'll love the real thing. [Wills' prose gets a little woozy here—who is he calling semi-fascist? Shockley? Rusher? The liberals? Maybe he should take some stylistic lessons from Jefferson.]

Rusher assures us he would have argued that the government has no right to interfere with people's breeding habits...[but] what if Shockley proposes a system of bonuses and voluntary incentives?...No big government at all. A racism of the private sector. [Such a] neat package of prejudice and free enterprise might constitute an offer much of the Right-wing constituency could not refuse.

Ignore for the moment (it is not difficult) the argument. Consider only the epithets, rattling like cans tied to a stray dog's tail: "prejudice"; "racism"; "semi-fascism." This is a down-the-line smear, the kind of thing angry writers reserve for monsters, and sober writers reserve for their wastebaskets.

But if Wills gets so hopped up over YAF (which, after all, wanted Shockley *beaten*), what will he have left someone who writes things like this?—

Comparing [blacks] by their faculties of memory, reason and imagination, it appears to me that in memory they are equal to whites; in reason much inferior...; and that in imagination they are dull, tasteless, and anomalous.... Never yet could I find that a black had uttered a thought above the level of plain narration; never saw even an elementary trace of painting or sculpture....They secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odor.

The author, of course, is Thomas Jefferson (*Notes on the State of Virginia*, Query XIV). Believing all this, Jefferson could still write that "all men are created equal." As Wills shows, he held with the Scots that intellectual and physical qualities were secondary to the "moral sense"; and since blacks (and Indians) possessed the moral sense to the same degree as whites, they were equally entitled to freedom. "Whatever be their degree of talent," Jefferson wrote Bishop Henri Gregoire in 1809, "it is no measure of their rights. Because Sir Isaac Newton was superior to others in understanding, he was not therefore lord of the person or property of others." Jefferson's "understanding" has since been discarded (as will Shockley's); the best defense of human dignity (for any race—Shockley has also frowned on the genes of white Appalachians) is not scientific, but moral—precisely what Rusher would have said, if Wills' kids had let him.

But Rusher was not born in 1743, so Wills' patience and empathy do not extend to him. There is a certain vestigial civility in Wills' attitude—don't kick a man when he's dead. It could be worse—Hillaire Belloc spent an entire career kicking 16th-century Protestants. Though Wills' journalism is as shoddy as Belloc's, we can be all the more thankful for history as marvelous and exciting as *Inventing America*. □

BOOK REVIEW

Grassroots: The Autobiography of George McGovern
Random House / $12.50

Promises to Keep: Carter's First Hundred Days
Robert Shogan / Thomas Y. Crowell / $8.95

James A. Nuechterlein

The poverty of political labels becomes clear as one reflects on the subjects of these two books. George McGovern and Jimmy Carter both think of themselves as populists and both trace their fundamental political beliefs to the Christian faith. Yet they have, as politicians, very little in common. Nonetheless, the different meanings they extract from common categories can be instructive, not as exercises in definition, but as indicators of the tortuous paths of liberalism in recent years.

George McGovern, as with all genuine populists, isn't very good at reality. He displayed in 1972 an almost perfect misunderstanding of the American people in whose name he presumed to speak. The reason is simple: Populism's vision of a nation polarized between the poor but virtuous many and the powerful and selfish few can make little sense of an America dominated by a middle-class majority which is at least as concerned about disorder below as about oppression above. John Dos Passos' classic populist challenge—"all right we are two nations"—remains an evocative literary image but a totally misleading picture of American politics.

McGovern fully shares populism's credulous assumption that the natural state of human affairs is one of egalitarian abundance and cooperative brotherhood and that only the machinations of special interests and conspirators make things otherwise. From these roots stem populism's characteristically overheated denunciations of the villainous Interests and its perpetual weakness for conspiracy theories. So it is that McGovern's loathing (his word) for Richard Nixon is so uncontrolled that he on more than one occasion in 1972 compared the policies of the Nixon administration with those of Nazi Germany and that he here accuses Nixon of racism and even manages at one point (p. 234) to suggest clearly, without explicitly saying so, that Nixon was involved in the assassination attempt on George Wallace. Demagoguery issues naturally from populism's simplistic world view.

For all its traditional characteristics, the McGovern campaign's populism was of an esoteric variety. The McGovernites had little use for labor (the feeling was reciprocated) and nothing but contempt for the political and cultural values of the American majority. The dynamic force behind McGovern was not America's plain folk, however defined; it was rather that segment of the upper middle class that considered itself, with becoming modesty, a constituency of conscience. These people imagined themselves as Middle America's political, cultural, and moral betters; McGovern began and ended his campaign by beckoning a deluded and erring nation to a "higher standard." Those who truly loved America, the candidate suggested, were those who would totally transform her. McGovern wanted not so much to rule the country as to save its soul.

Here is the key to McGovern's thought: the Social Gospel. He almost became a Methodist minister and did spend one summer as a student pastor. His religious views, as outlined in *Grassroots*, have no transcendent element; indeed, they have little theological content at all. They consist simply of an earnest moralism, a ceaseless ethical quest that ignores indi-

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vidual salvation and focuses exclusively on building the Kingdom of God on earth. Given his non-theological Christianity, it is not surprising that McGovern eventually gave up the church's pulpit for a larger, less encumbered one in politics. (He tells us that as a pastor he liked preaching but felt "ill at ease" with his priestly and sacramental tasks.)

The Social Gospel, like populism, sees the world in simple dualistic terms and is most comfortable in its self-imposed "prophetic" task of condemnation. McGovern quotes Walter Rauschenbusch with enthusiastic approval: " 'The church must ...condemn the world and seek to change it....If a man is satisfied with things as they are, he belongs to the other side.' " There is no reform or series of reforms that will render the American reality acceptable to McGovern. The Social Gospel cannot be satisfied with any set of social arrangements short of the New Jerusalem, the beloved community. Since creation of that community belongs to the realm of utopian fantasy rather than political possibility, McGovern must remain forever estranged from his own society. When utopia is all that can satisfy, moral earnestness submerges moral seriousness, noble words are the only noble things, and moral indignation becomes the prevailing mode of political discourse.

In practice, the indignation tends to the tendentiously selective, as becomes particularly evident in McGovern's views on foreign policy. Again, the roots go deep in his personal experience. After withdrawing from Garrett Theological Seminary, McGovern enrolled in the graduate program in American history at Northwestern University. The history department at Northwestern has a lot to answer for: McGovern appears to have picked up there, along with his Ph.D., a simplistic version of Whig-Progressive history in general (he thought of naming this book *Hurrying History*) and a crudely revisionist picture of the origins of the Cold War in particular (his account of postwar international developments manages to avoid any mention of Joseph Stalin and blandly refers to Soviet aggression in Eastern Europe as an understandable reaction, "however regrettable," to two world wars, which is rather like ascribing Hitler's tyranny, "however regrettable," to the Versailles Treaty and the problems of the Weimar Republic).

For whatever reasons, McGovern's opinions on international affairs are characterized by a persistent animus against the policies of his own nation. Regardless of the particular issue under discussion, McGovern consistently constructs the worst case for the intentions and actions of the American government and the best case for the policies of its enemies. His obsession with Vietnam found expression in ever more hysterical attacks on government policy: "This Chamber reeks of blood," he told his fellow senators in 1970. He can be counted on for automatic support of any revolution that happens to be going, provided only that it is properly situated on the left. He constantly invokes America's revolutionary origins in support of his views, showing not the slightest awareness that revolutions might differ from each other in purpose and meaning. He denounces American support for right-wing dictatorships but feels that reconciliation with Vietnam and Cuba would indicate a new American capacity "to mature internationally." And so on.

With both his principles and ideas set in concrete, McGovern is incapable of learning from experience, even so catastrophic a one as the 1972 presidential election. Not so Jimmy Carter. Carter's 1976 presidential campaign drew heavily on populism and religion but in ways entirely different—and vastly more successful—than McGovern's. Robert Shogan's competent, if bland and unoriginal, book helps us to understand the McGovern-Carter differences and what they indicate of the state of contemporary liberalism.

Carter has perfected the uses of issueless populism. Although he will occasionally indulge in attacks on behalf of the People against some special Interest or another (the politics of resentment always pays off in America), those attacks are wholly rhetorical and emotional. No government action follows from them and none is meant to: They are intended solely to maintain Carter's identification with the American people in their generality rather than in their various group attachments. He understands that this is a middle-class society and he formulates policy accordingly.

For Carter, religion is not simply a handy club with which to goad the nation

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into the higher rectitude; it is an essentially private matter relating to the mysteries of existence and to man's relationship to God. (Shogan has great difficulty making sense of Carter's faith; he tries hard, but what he himself terms his "Jewish-Unitarian-agnostic" perspective renders him incapable of understanding the evangelical Christian mind.) Carter is a moralist, and his moralism is Christian in nature, but it relates fundamentally to personal behavior rather than public ideology.

Carter's patriotism is positive, un-self-conscious, and uncomplicated. He loves America, even in its unredeemed state. As for its citizenry, he never ceases telling us how good, kind, and decent we all are and how our greatest current need is to have a government reflective of our high civic virtue. One expects a rather more skeptical view of human nature from a Southern Baptist deeply versed in Reinhold Niebuhr's neo-orthodoxy, but the psychological understanding behind such rhetoric is as shrewd as its specific content is dubious. The American people are all over the map ideologically but they are firmly united in their love for their country and themselves. They are also more likely to think and act decently when they are encouraged to think well of themselves than when they are urged to ritual self-flagellation.

All this, of course, carries no guarantee of easy political resolutions for Carter, as his decline in the popularity charts shows. Carter's difficulties are in fact immense: His contradictory internal impulses between liberalism and conservatism mirror well America's general ideological confusions, but those contradictions and confusions do not make for a serene and contented political order. Carter is as much a victim of the nation's inconsistencies as of his own. As a campaigner, his traditionalist affirmations and secure sense of self made his appeals to trust and decency effective, but as President he has to govern, which means making choices, and that in turn means making enemies, particularly at a time when Americans don't generally know what they want but are intensely urgent and vocal about their discontents.

Shogan suggests that perhaps "we are fed up with eloquence and are prepared to settle for ambiguity." Unfortunately, he appears to be only half right. Americans are impatient with words and uncertain about deeds, but settling for ambiguity is a state of blessedness few democracies achieve. The American people have thoroughly rejected McGovern's New Politics and are seriously disenchanted with the shopworn liberalism of the New Deal, but for all their mutterings about a government too big and too inept and too intrusive they do not not seem prepared to forego the support and security provided by the welfare state. Things are made more difficult by the continuing decay of the two-party system and by a Congress that, in its post-Watergate wisdom, seems persuaded that cooperation of any kind with the White House constitutes a violation of the separation of powers.

Carter is our first post-liberal liberal, and his fundamental problem involves nothing less than the construction of a coherent and substantive post-liberal order of things. His guideposts are few and they are almost entirely negative. "Avoid McGovernism" is a wise slogan, but it doesn't by itself take us very far. At the moment the nation appears pluralistic to the point of incoherence. We may not be willing to settle for ambiguity, but for the foreseeable future we have no choice but to live with it.

Still, things could be worse: If under Carter the engine of state seems to be running around in circles, under McGovern it would have plunged straight off a cliff. □

BOOK REVIEW

Abba Eban: An Autobiography
Random House / $15.00

F.S. Manor

Throughout Israel's 30 years of existence, and indeed during much of the half century of the Zionist movement that preceded it, Jewish politicians have had to follow Burke's dictum that most political decisions are a choice "between the disagreeable and the intolerable." Abba Eban, Israel's scholarly diplomat, had learned this early in his career, and it stood him in good stead during the long years he served as Israel's Ambassador to the United Nations and to Washington, and as Israel's foreign minister.

His autobiography spans much of contemporary history and, of course, the entire history of the state of Israel. It is written in the elegant style one expects from this polished diplomat, a style informed with Mr. Eban's dry wit, and is enhanced by revealing sketches of the principal statesmen who, over the past two generations, bestrode the world scene.

The narrative begins with charming vignettes of life in prewar London and Cambridge, where Mr. Eban achieved the near-impossible: a Triple First. Double first-class honors, or a Double First as it is known, is generally considered the acme of British academic distinction, a dignity that pursues the holder all his life—something on par with a Victoria Cross. A Triple First is so rare that Mr. Eban's achievement gave rise to letters to the *Times*. His academic career was interrupted by the war, at the outset of which a desperate sergeant-major was trying to make some 50 Cambridge scholars, young Eban included, march in step—a futile endeavor. Nonetheless, Mr. Eban reached the rank of major, but as soon as the war was over he abandoned both his military and scholarly pursuits to devote himself fully to the nascent state of Israel.

It was a Sisyphean undertaking punctuated by short-lived triumphs to be inevitably followed by new pressures. It is the custom of great powers to exhibit impatience when faced with irritating problems caused by small nations (the irritation in this case being compounded by the deep-seated, universal dislike of Jews only fleetingly overcome by remorse at Hitler's holocaust). Those who marvel at the obstinacy of Premier Begin, and puzzle at Israeli reluctance to accept President Sadat's sudden professions of friendship or President Carter's vague talk of guarantees, should study Mr. Eban's account of the broken promises that litter Israel's brief history.

Andrei Vyshinsky at least was honest about it: International policies, he explained to Mr. Eban, were governed by "interests" and not by "sentiments." Others have clothed their hostile policies in the lofty expressions of a quest for peace, justice, impartiality. Which brings to mind Lord Vansittart, the prewar head of the British Foreign Office, who used to say that there are not two sides to as many questions as we think, and that there is a catch in impartiality: "Having refused to distinguish between Right and Wrong, you will next be careful not to offend Wrong."

The first friends of the Israelis were the British who, in 1917, issued the Balfour Declaration and thus set the foundations for the state of Israel. By 1939, when Chamberlain issued his White Paper forbidding further Jewish immigration into what was then British Palestine—and this

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at the very time when Hitler was taking preliminary steps to implement his Final Solution—the Jewish-British friendship was shattered and the fate of European Jewry sealed. After the war it was the Soviet Union and the still-independent Czechoslovakia that armed the embattled state of Israel. The Czechs did so because of their own bitter memories of Munich; the Russians in order to get the British out of the Middle East. Next came the French connection that lasted until 1967. After that, the Americans took over.

If, as Mr. Eban writes, the Israelis prefer their clouds without a silver lining, they have a point: With President Carter, Israel seems to have reached the end of the line.

Yet, whatever the present pressures from Washington, Israel cannot forget the lessons of 1957 and 1967. The years from 1953 to 1956 were gloomy for the young Jewish state. The Arabs were being heavily armed by Britain and the Soviet Union, while Israel received no arms from anybody. Across Israel's borders with Jordan, Syria, and Egypt came a constant torrent of violence, with military units and marauders—the latter organized under the name of *fedayeen*, precursors of the PLO—bringing mutilation and death to Israeli civilians in the frontier areas and sometimes in the very heart of the coastal plain. The United States then opposed any retaliation, without suggesting an alternative method of defending Israeli lives. As Mr. Eban writes, "The idea that Arabs could kill Israelis without any subsequent Israeli reaction was close to becoming an international doctrine."

The Straits of Tiran were closed to Israeli shipping, as was the Suez Canal. It was during the Suez Canal crisis of 1956 that Israel saw a way out of the trap. It joined Britain and France in the Suez venture, occupied the Sinai, opened up the Tiran Straits, and cleaned up the Gaza Strip, then a nest of murderers. The fury of President Eisenhower and the U.S. State Department knew no bounds. At the United Nations "the United States and the Soviet Union were arrayed in an unusual alliance against us," Mr. Eban remembers.*

Eventually, the massive power of the United States, coupled with threats from the Soviet Union, forced the Israelis to evacuate the Sinai. Yet they did not do so before Mr. Eban had elicited binding guarantees from France and from President Eisenhower, who pledged America's word in a personal letter to Israeli Premier David Ben-Gurion. John Foster Dulles argued at the time that an American commitment to a free passage through the Straits of Tiran was worth far more than an Israeli occupation. He told Mr. Eban that "the United States would take a heavy responsibility if Israel were to withdraw and the blockade (of the Straits of Tiran) were to be renewed." The *Journal-American* of New York wrote: "President Eisenhower has placed his tremendous influence and this nation's prestige behind his assurances to Israel. Further than that, he does not feel he should go."

A decade later, a heavily-armed Egypt told the UN force in the Sinai to go home, closed the Straits of Tiran to Israeli shipping, and deployed a huge army in the Sinai close to Israel's border. "The macabre vision of Israel's demise had been nourished in speech and sentiment during all the years of suspense. Now, suddenly, the dream seemed ripe for fulfillment, and what had brought it within reach was Israel's apparent solitude," Mr. Eban writes.

Now was the time for Israel to present for payment the ten-year-old promissory notes issued by Paris and Washington. In Paris, General de Gaulle curtly told Mr. Eban that "1967 is not 1957," and that Israel should do nothing, leaving the matter to the "Four Great Powers" to resolve. In Washington, President Johnson gave Mr. Eban one of his belligerent looks. "The Four Great Powers? Who the hell are the other two?" But he, too, would not cash President Eisenhower's note. "All effort is important," he told Mr. Eban, "but it is not worth five cents unless I have the American people with me."

So much then for the "heavy responsibility" and the "tremendous prestige" of President Eisenhower and the United States. As for President Johnson, instead of giving forceful lead, he was eagerly scanning the editorial pages of the major American dailies waiting for the pundits to make up his mind for him. The allies fell by the way, one by one. Nobody was going to burn his fingers trying to open the blocked Straits of Tiran. Israel was alone, and as the West became increasingly timid, Soviet militancy grew more intense.

When it was all over and Israel emerged victorious, all hell broke loose at the United Nations. Mr. Eban recalls that "The current of world opinion flowed away from the embattled victor toward the defeated aggressor. We found ourselves transformed from David to Goliath overnight. Israel had committed the dark sin of survival."

Mr. Eban has praise for Henry Kissinger who, he says, deserves more Israeli appreciation than he received. His role in the 1973 Yom Kippur War was vital for Israel's final victory. When, in the initial stages, things went badly for Israel and the government was willing to accept a cease-fire "in place," with the Egyptian and Syrian armies in their new advanced positions beyond the 1967 Israeli borders, Dr.

* There was a famous AP photograph of Henry Cabot Lodge—then U.S. Ambassador to the UN—and Arkady Sobolev of the Soviet Union voting together in the UN Security Council against America's NATO allies, Britain and France, and against Israel. Ten years later, when Egypt's President Nasser ejected the UN forces from the Sinai, I asked AP in New York for a copy of this picture to illustrate my feature on the doubtful validity of international commitments. My request was answered in a brief telex message to the effect that this particular photograph had been "withdrawn" and was no longer available. Flushed down an Orwellian Memory Hole?

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Kissinger procrastinated. He viewed the initial Arab victories as adverse to basic American interests. They gave the Soviet Union excessive prestige and contained no incentive for cease-fire, still less for negotiation. Dr. Kissinger therefore declined any official American initiative in this matter, although ostensibly trying to find other sponsors for such a cease-fire "in place."

Meanwhile, he was busy securing the badly-needed *matériel* reinforcements. "For those who know the bureaucratic ways of Washington, the astonishing fact is that the airlift (carrying war supplies) was in massive motion about three days after the idea was first conceived," Mr. Eban writes. And the driving force in surmounting the obstacles was Dr. Kissinger, who knew there could be no cease-fire and no negotiation unless the military situation forced the Arabs to stop fighting. The Arabs and the Soviet Union, however, were still demanding as a condition of a cease-fire Israel's immediate withdrawal to its pre-1967 borders; and there was a danger that the UN Security Council would pass such a resolution. But Dr. Kissinger stood firm: "Such a resolution is impossible; we are against it."

This steadfastness is in stark contrast with the stand taken by President Jimmy Carter almost from the moment he assumed the Presidency. When Premier Rabin visited Washington early in the spring of 1977, President Carter greeted him with the ominous remark about "the American hope of a full withdrawal of Israeli forces in a peace settlement." Mr. Eban speculates that Mr. Rabin, facing a difficult election at home—an election he was to lose—may not have told the Israeli people the whole truth about the attitude of the new Carter administration. But it is now obvious that the plan for Israel's return to the wholly indefensible pre-1967 borders was in Mr. Carter's mind from the very beginning. The present stalemate cannot, therefore, be blamed on the alleged inflexibility of Premier Begin.

Mr. Eban speaks directly to Israel's dilemma—the same today as ten or thirty years ago—in his conclusion: "Our international posture cannot exclude the capacity to stand alone for certain periods of time when a vital interest is at stake. It is important to be popular—but even more important to be alive. If you are alive, you can work hard to reconstruct your popularity, whereas if you are dead, you will be conspicuously popular during the funeral oration, but the consolation will be transient and brief." □

BOOK REVIEW

Stained Glass

William F. Buckley, Jr. / Doubleday / $8.95

Judy Mathews

If the public was wary of William F. Buckley's gifts as a novelist, his best-seller *Saving the Queen* relaxed and gratified them. His latest novel, *Stained Glass*, will make them yearn for more. It is an engaging adventure written with elegance and a host of amusing purposes, not the least of which must be to stifle the allegations that his novels are only as good as Gore Vidal's. *Stained Glass* is more interesting than any fiction Vidal has ever fussed over. One finishes it and hopes that Buckley will take another vacation soon, assuring his admirers of another of these by-products of his leisure hours.

In *Stained Glass*, the young CIA agent Blackford Oakes returns for his second assignment: to penetrate the political movement in Germany led by anti-Communist Count Axel Wintergrin, whose promise is to liberate East Germany upon his election as Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany. Under cover as chief engineer in charge of restoring St. Anselm's Church, Wintergrin's pet project, Oakes and he become close friends. When Oakes is ordered to "eliminate" the Count to prevent a Soviet invasion of West Germany, he is torn by conflicting loyalties.

Oakes emerges in this novel as a hero *engagé* in the Sartrean sense of the term, committed not only to his country and the CIA, but to his ideals of freedom and anti-Communism. Buckley's book thus serves a political as well as an entertainment purpose. Oakes, like Sartre's Oreste in *Les Mouches*, is aware by the end of the novel of responsibilities to others and to his own principles. In the final moment Oakes, like Oreste, resists *"mauvaise foi."*

Here Buckley is confronting a modern dilemma: the conflict between commitment to one's superiors and commitment to one's personal code. Although liberals dwell on this problem, Buckley shows that they do not have a monopoly on such concerns. He decries the automaton of power whether he be John Dean or Albert Speer —those who attempt to justify their misdeeds with the explanation that they were following orders from above. He condemns the Americans who allow themselves to be bullied by the Russians into assassinating Count Wintergrin lest a Third World War break out. Blackford Oakes does not follow orders which he finds unconscionable, though unfortunately he makes his decision too late to matter.

Though such serious questions underlie *Stained Glass*, they never detract from the great fun Buckley has with his narrative. As with *Saving the Queen*, it is impossible to separate William F. Buckley from his hero. They share political ideas, they look alike, they are both connoisseurs of food and wine, and they both ski in Gstaad. Buckley now even incorporates friends into the novel. On the train to Gstaad, they pass "the orange-shuttered chalet of David Niven"; and the head of the metalworkers' union is named Heinrich Regnery (Henry Regnery was Buckley's first publisher).

Buckley's wife Patricia was recently quoted as saying she had a superb sense of the ridiculous. They are well-suited. The author's irrepressible humor, his ability to capture a totally ridiculous situation, inheres throughout the novel. For example, in a flashback to Wintergrin's World War II service, the young nobleman mysteriously disappears on the Polish front and is declared Missing in Action and Presumed Dead. Somewhat later his mother is entertaining public officials and the mayor delicately raises a question:

> Did the countess—the subject could now safely be raised without opening the year-old wound—have any private opinion what might have happened to her son? Yes, she said, she did have a private notion, but it was so ridiculous, she did not really want to share it. We are old friends, said the mayor: Confide in me. The countess leaned over to him and pointed to the little gray kitten, asleep near the fireplace, and whispered: "Do you believe in reincarnation?"

It might strike readers as odd that Buckley, a middle-aged conservative, seems intent on celebrating youth throughout his novel. His heroes—Oakes, Wintergrin, even Erika Chadinoff (the Russian spy who later defects)—are all under thirty-five. On the other hand, Oakes' gray and forbidding superior, Rufus, is a ruthless man of middle years; Allen Dulles is eventually manipulated by the Russians; and the Russians, well, they are the brooding thugs of the real-life Soviet gerontocracy. Against them all Buckley sets Blackford Oakes: "...the ladies loved his stunning good looks, his fair hair and inquisi-

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Judy Mathews is a frequent contributor to The American Spectator.

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tive blue eyes, and easy manner; the men were taken by his slouchy informality, which managed just the necessary ration of deference owed by the young to their elders, without any suggestion of sycophancy, or any presumptive commitment to the bizarre notion that because he was young, he was any less competent, in his own disciplines, than they in theirs. Blackford had the American republican's innate aversion to servility." As with Blackford so with Chairman Bill, the gifted writer who for three decades has defended the wisdom of the adult with the gusto and wit of brilliant youth. □

BAN THE SOLEIL
(continued from page 4)

out before him was not without bleakness.

Laura Ingalls came to the beach that morning wearing one of the exceptionally close-fitting, stretch, one-piece bathing suits which were popular during the summer of 1978. André, not interested in "acquiring a suntan," was still wearing his shirt and trousers as he walked over to where she had spread her beach towel. He realized that in the sunbathers' language he was a "paleface"—someone who doesn't have a tan.

In the course of their conversation, André asked Laura about her reading, and told her about his experience with Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. He also asked her why she was spending her vacation in Edgartown.

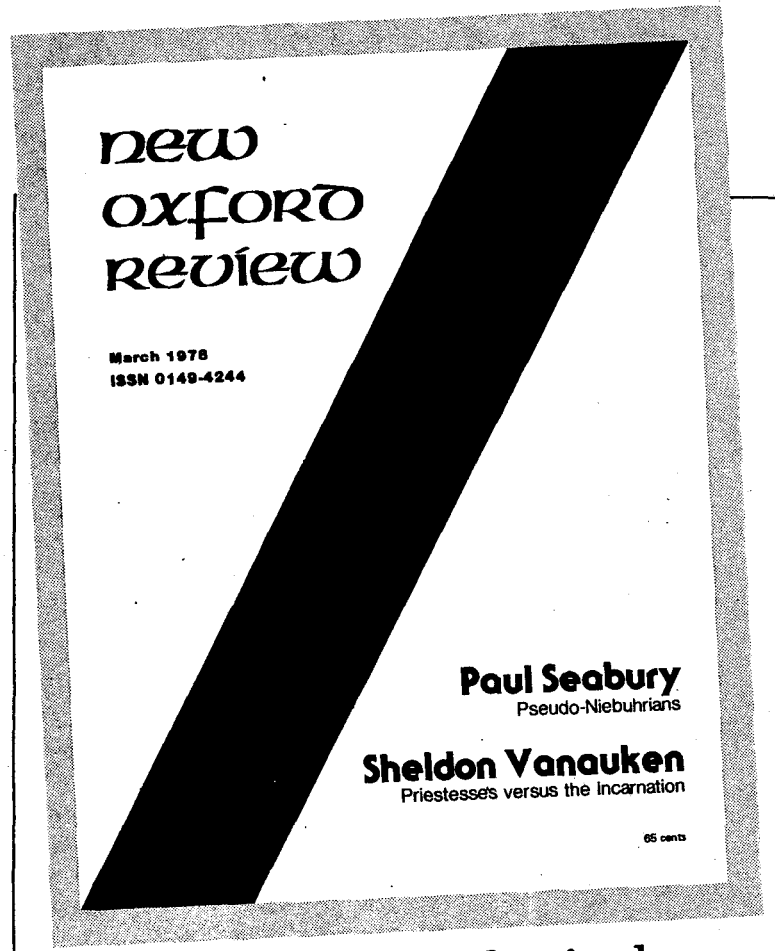
"My summer job fell through and—as this is about the last chance I'll have for a long stretch of time in which to read and think—I decided just to take advantage of it. That probably sounds decadent to you."

"No...When I was between my freshman and sophomore years I thought the same thing, but since then I've found that large blocks of free time often crop up unexpectedly."

That week Laura and André spent a large block of their free time together, mostly talking. Although, as a 1976 hit, "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" was not a particularly "golden" oldie, WPRO played it dozens of times. Or maybe they hardly played it at all, and André just noticed it more. At the beach he put suntan lotion on Laura's back because she couldn't reach there. One night André told her about how hard and depressing job-hunting in New York had been, particularly as he wasn't sure what he wanted to do. The closest thing they had to a formal date was the afternoon he took her to The Flying Horses in Oak Bluffs. He had counted on getting the brass ring enough times to afford both their tickets, but he didn't, and had to borrow money from Laura to pay her way.

To keep track of experiences like this André began jotting down notes under the provisional heading, "Down and Out in Edgartown and Oak Bluffs." A sentence he had read in Orwell's book came back to him with particular force now: "There is no doubt that women never, or hardly ever, condescend to men who are much poorer than themselves."

He decided to look for temporary employment and was lucky to find a part-time position working in the kitchen of The Manor Inn, a job actually quite similar to that of Orwell's *plongeurs*. At the beginning of each shift they would prepare several gallons of iced tea and consume it by the quart in the course of an evening, sweating it out as they worked. The vast quantities of tea, his fatigue, the numbing quality of the work, and the music on the kitchen radio often set André's mind racing. He would wonder why lying on a beach with one's skin well-greased so that the sun's rays could slowly poison it red or brown was considered "natural" and "healthy"—while protecting one's skin



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made a person "unhealthy looking," "a paleface." Fashion and peer-group pressure were partly to blame for these attitudes; most influential were the huge suntan-oil advertising campaigns conducted on youth-oriented radio stations like WPRO. The suntan companies' advertising and marketing approaches were ingenious: "Coco tanning butter" would not, he thought, have been nearly as popular if it had been called "coco tanning margarine" —although that was the more accurate term.

On Regatta weekend André was not able to be with Laura. He drew double duty at work, and had neither the right clothes, attitude, nor connections for yacht racing, or for the parties which would inevitably come after. Also, Laura already had a "date" for that weekend, a sailing tennis-player from the mainland.

After work on the night of the Regatta dance he strolled around Edgartown for a time and, when it began raining, found himself under the shelter of a tree near the Ingalls' house; but when a romantic couple approached the house next door, he left. Orwell's words haunted him. Back in his cramped room he stayed up nearly all night adding notes to what he had now provisionally titled "Down and Out in Vineyard Heaven."

II

On the weekend of the Edgartown Regatta, Martha's Vineyard became the site of a gruesome incident which in the press was quickly classified as a "freak" death, although for those who know anything about the sun's rays and how they work, there was nothing freak about it.

A young woman's body was found near secluded Blue Mailbox Beach in the middle of the island. Two facts in the newspaper report of her death stood out: The woman was "red-haired" and "her body showed signs of exposure to the elements." For those who are not aware of it, the skin of people with red hair is extremely sensitive to sunlight. André knew that there had been many cases of death from sunburn shock, but invariably they had been hushed-up and forgotten. The question was, how much longer was this going to be allowed to happen?

André went to see Laura, taking the paper with him. He carefully went over what he had discovered, and thought she was following his account of how the woman—unconscious, her skin unprotected and subjected to a full day's sunlight—had suffered fatal sunburn trauma. Before he had finished, however, Laura interrupted:

"But she was bludgeoned to death."

"What evidence do you have for that?"

"There were marks all over her body; her head was bashed in; there's no doubt that she was bludgeoned."

"Certainly she was bludgeoned. No one's disputing that. But she was not bludgeoned until after she had already died from exposure. It's obviously very important to some people that this look like a bludgeoning."

Significantly, that afternoon on its news reports, which were sandwiched between suntan-lotion commercials, WPRO stuck with the bludgeoning story.

As André saw them, the facts were these: A person was dead; the circumstances of this and previous deaths cast serious doubt on the healthiness of sunbathing; sunbathing had become the center of a billion-dollar industry. Linking these facts and some others, André prepared an article which he submitted to Parke Wilder at the *Gazette* for publication. The next day Parke returned the article to him, with an encouraging rejection note from "Scotty" Reston.

"Why did the *Gazette* really not want to publish this piece?" André asked Parke.

"They didn't dare; they didn't think it was true."

"That's awfully convenient for them to think, isn't it?"

The *Vineyard Gazette* not only carried a substantial amount of suntan-lotion advertising, but, perhaps even more importantly, its prosperity—and, hence, its revenues—were inextricably linked to the future of Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort. André placed a call to an acquaintance of his on the staff of *Fortnightly* magazine in New York.

At dawn two mornings later André stretched out on a towel on a secluded portion of South Beach adjacent to Katama Bay. His purpose: to prove that sunbathing was harmful. Two reporters watched.

At first he experienced just the same sensations he had when he had sunbathed in the past: boredom, discomfort, a feeling that he was wasting his time. As the hours passed his mind began to wander. He thought that the sun's effect on his skin might not be that harmful, as he had the complexion of a person with brown hair. He could see some parallels between his situation and that of George Orwell. Like Orwell, whose real name was Eric Blair, he was subjecting himself to an ordeal (exposure in his case; poverty and hunger in O.'s) in order to arrive at a truth, whatever that might turn out to be. Arrayed against him were what could be called the sunbathing interests: the large beach towel companies, the unguent manufacturers, "Big Suntan Oil"—but also the politicians;

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journalists, and officials who owned seaside real estate; the newspapers and radio stations with extensive beach-related advertising; in the Midwest, the large sand distributors...

That day on the beach André proved his contention: Sunbathing was extremely dangerous. "Brunet" complexion notwithstanding, he was gravely sunburnt. He put himself under a doctor's care, requesting that he first be treated with the "sunburn pain" sprays and lotions so frequently advertised on the radio. They were found to be of no significant value in the treatment of severe burns.

The pain André experienced in the next weeks was far worse than anything he could ever have imagined. Fifteen days after his beach experience *Fortnightly* published its article, "The Sunburnt Man," which began with an account of his experience, and went on to survey the growing amount of evidence of sunbathing's harmfulness.

Most gratifying to André were the letters people all over the country sent him as a result of the article. A Rehobeth Beach, Delaware, widow wrote that the circumstances surrounding her husband's disappearance five years before now seemed to point to a sunburn death. A man in Carmel, California, wrote that he had found a mosquito or some other bug squashed under the cap of a brand-name suntan oil. A New Yorker wanted a national sunburn victims' organization, and suggested "you've got it made in the shade" as its slogan. Several lawyers wrote that they were researching the grounds for possible class-action suits, and requested information.

There were some people who later charged that André's action on the beach had been publicity-seeking; perhaps in part it was. But he was not entirely comfortable with his growing public role. He had preferred the camaraderie, hard work, and iced tea bouts of his kitchen job and his anonymous experience of resort life's underside.

During the weeks following his day on the beach, André and Laura were able to spend large blocks of their free time together. Laura would put prescription salve on the part of his back he couldn't reach. One afternoon reading the *Times* they came upon a short item that the maimed body of a young woman had been found on a beach near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

"How many more bodies are going to be bludgeoned?" he asked. "The dead should be allowed to rest in peace."

The "bludgeoning" had the opposite reaction from what those who planned it had probably intended. André's resolve to fight them hardened, and he put aside any remaining concern about possible loss of privacy. He had seen that there was something terribly wrong in our society, and this insight had swept him into a historical movement much larger than himself: the dream of social change for the better. □

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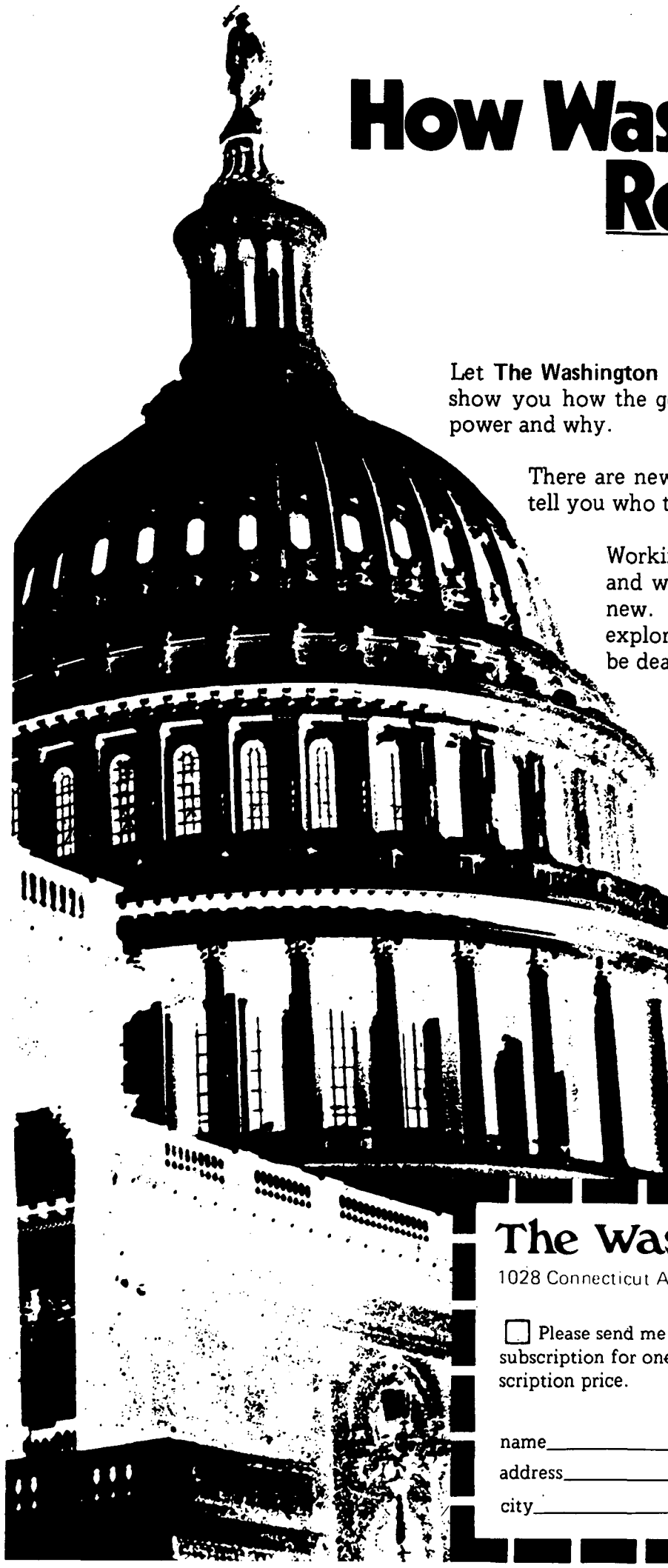

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